

The Elks

Magazine



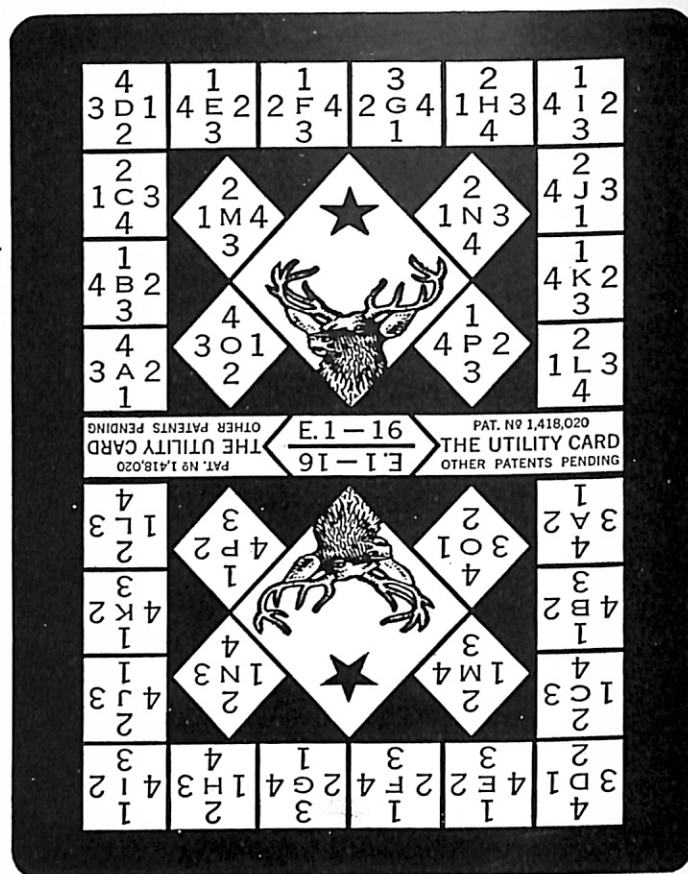
Samuel Crowther — Horatio Winslow — and others

FEBRUARY, 1934
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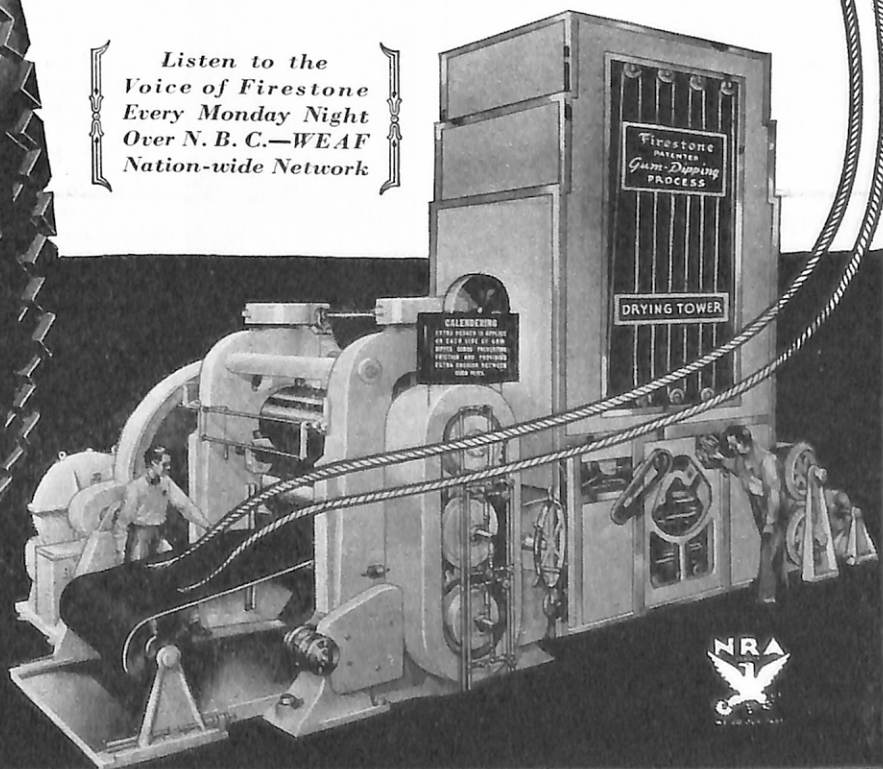
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The Elks Magazine

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

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FEBRUARY, 1934

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Cover Design by
Orson Lowell

This Month

IN this month's issue the Editors introduce
a new contributor to THE ELKS MAGAZINE,



HARRIS & EWING

in the person of Samuel Crowther. For many years Mr. Crowther has been one of the country's ablest and most popular writers on business topics. He is best known for his books and his articles in *The Saturday Evening Post*. His contacts and friendships with prominent men of affairs are wider, perhaps, than those of any other business analyst. Mr. Crowther's contributions to THE ELKS MAGAZINE will consist of a series of interviews with key executives of the nation's leading industrial concerns on subjects of timely and widespread interest. Be sure to read his thoroughly informative interview with Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of the General Motors Corporation, on page eight in this number.



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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Official Circular Number Six

*To the Members of the Benevolent
and Protective Order
of Elks:*

*1412 Northern Life Tower
Seattle, Washington
January 15, 1934*

DEAR BROTHERS:

At approximately the time this circular is read in the Subordinate Lodges, I will have completed the first half of my administration. How the time flies! And so much to be done! Could I multiply myself a hundredfold, I could not begin to do all I would like. This makes it all the more important that every member of the Order do his utmost to help in our great and common cause. Especially do I appeal to the officers of our Lodges to be diligent. Lead on! And do not cease your labors until we shall have achieved the victory.

Acknowledgment of Greetings

During the Christmas and New Year season, I received an unusually large number of holiday greetings. Some came in the form of beautiful cards; some were conveyed in letters; and yet others by telegraph. For all these I am deeply grateful. To receive them made me happy. And I beg of each of you who so thoughtfully remembered me to accept this as an acknowledgment of the receipt of your message and as an expression of appreciation of your good wishes. In return, I express the most earnest hope that the New Year may hold much of good for you.

My Visitations

During the past month I have diligently continued my visitations to the Subordinate Lodges. Since my last communication to you, I have visited the Lodges in the Canal Zone and Puerto Rico, and in so doing I was privileged to visit our most southerly Lodge. When I visited in Alaska last August, I sat in our most northerly Lodge. In these far-flung Lodges, I found a wonderful spirit of fraternalism, as well as a commendable aspiration to excel in exemplifying the cardinal virtues of our Order. So, also, have I found much good and a fine spirit prevailing in most of the Lodges in the States. In only a few have I found lack of leadership and appreciation of the program we are endeavoring to accomplish. Where such exists, there is even a greater responsibility resting upon the rank and file of the members to furnish that which their officers lack. May their love of the Order and jealousy for its good name cause them to be diligent in their efforts.

Georgia Warm Springs Foundation

A great movement is under way permanently to endow the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation through the proceeds arising

from a series of charity balls to be given on the evening of January 30th, the Birthday Anniversary of the President, our Brother Franklin D. Roosevelt. Believing it our duty to assist in this commendable movement, some weeks ago I issued an appeal to all of the Lodges to take the lead in their respective communities. Since then, I have visited this Institution. I have inspected the entire plant, and it is a worthy cause. Wholehearted support of the undertaking will redound to the credit of our Order, and I earnestly appeal to all of our members to lend that support.

Increase in Membership

I am greatly pleased with the interest that is manifest in our Lodges to restore their records in membership. In one of my recent visitations, I uncovered an instance where one member of the Lodge alone had, during the past year, brought in seventy applications. What a wonderful record! Let others exhibit the same zeal. Let lapsation, reinstatement and membership committees be appointed and earnestly function to the end that a wonderful record may be obtained. Let nothing be left undone to make our Anniversary and "21 and 6" Classes a great success. If any Exalted Ruler has not appointed special committees and mobilized his membership for these efforts, let him no longer delay doing so.

Three Great Anniversary Days

Nothing could be more fitting than for our Subordinate Lodges to take immediate steps looking to the proper observance of the Birthday Anniversaries of Lincoln, of our Order, and of Washington, February 12th, 16th and 22nd, respectively. These days can be made inspiring occasions for expressions of love of country, appreciation of our Order, and devotion to civic duties. In view of the strictly American character of our Order, and especially since we have linked "the destiny of our Order with the destiny of our country," I earnestly request that attention be given to these opportunities for an expression of our admiration of these two great American characters, as well as of the privileges that are ours as a result of membership in the greatest of American fraternities.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler

Illustrated by
Earl Oliver Hurst



She uttered a scream,
and dropped the basket
with a crash which sug-
gested breaking china

A SPECTER'S SECRET

by Horatio Winslow

*The Diary of a Correspondence
School Detective's First Case*



ON June 8th, at our H. S. Commencement Masquerade Ball, while I was dancing with Gerania Greenwood, a smart aleck present remarked, "Say, Jake, I didn't understand that last; did you say you was aiming to be a detective or a defective?"

The following account of how I solved the horror problem at Villa Nox is the best answer to this libelous sneer:

CHAPTER I

A MYSTERIOUS MISSION

June 9, 9:17 a.m.

I PULLED up to the curb on noticing in the window of Mr. Ben Reynolds' real estate office a sign entitled, "Night Watchman Wanted." "Sit down, Jake," said Mr. Reynolds as I entered. "What's on your mind this morning?"

"I have," I stated in order to draw him out, "come to ask about that job as per ad in window."

A moment's silence filled the room while Mr. Reynolds closed his right eye and stared at me out of the other. "The night watchman I'm looking for, Jake, is some tough old bird; not a young high school graduate."

"You may," I rapped briefly, "be surprised, Mr. Reynolds, to know that shortly before finishing my high school studies I received a neatly engraved diploma in two colors, certifying that I had successfully completed Chief Donahey's special correspondence course for detectives; and I would be glad to show you same, together with corrected lesson sheets, handcuffs of modern design, a revolver and night stick, if my grandmother had not thrown instructions and outfit into the river as the result of an error in judgment and also because she wanted me to follow my late father's trade of carpenter and cabinetmaker. But I am still a detective. That is why, Mr. Reynolds, I look on the present job as a first step in my chosen life work. Kindly tell me the whole story without trying to conceal anything or shield anyone."

After walking to the street window, probably to hide his emotion, Mr. Reynolds cleared his throat and said, "Jake, what, if anything, did Chief Donahey teach you about ghosts?"

Copyright, 1934, by Horatio Winslow



"Be good enough to," I cracked efficiently, "state the complete details, and when you have finished you will find me ready to answer all proper questions. Thanks to Chief Donahay's course, I have developed what is known as the camera eye, and thus am prepared to observe as well as deduct."

MR. REYNOLDS now offered the following explanation. "Jake, last year I bought that flock of two-room bungalows at River Point, three miles from Grainger. One of 'em is named Villa Nox."

"Why?" I queried crisply.

"Ask the other fellow; he named it. Anyhow, Villa Nox is being ruined by a ghost that's already scared out two early season tenants and three night watchmen. The story's spread so that prospects seem to think a ghost goes with every bungalow. - I've even put in telephones, but I can't do any business. Jake, there's twenty-five dollars in it if you last a week at Villa Nox and another twenty-five if you crowd out the ghost. What say?"

Everything was now perfectly clear. "You have passed," I accentuated quietly, "the problem to the proper party. Let's go."

As I pocketed the key to Villa Nox, I jotted down the following lines in my little diary book:

"I am now assuming conduct of my first case, viz., Detective vs. Ghost. What will my experiences be in this absorbing modern profession?"

(What was the surprising encounter which awaited Jake? How did he handle same? You will find the answers to both these questions in the following chapter.)

CHAPTER II

AN INEXPLICABLE INCIDENT

June 9,
4:32 p. m.

Owing
to three
blow-

outs and magneto trouble I did not cover the fifteen miles to Grainger till late in the afternoon. I was about to start on the last stage of my trip when a Mirror Lake autobus stopped and a well-remembered form got out carrying a basket in her right hand. It was none other than Gerania Greenwood herself.

As rapidly as possible I slid out of the front seat and, hurrying behind her, said in a low voice, "Miss Greenwood, I have tracked you down at last."

She uttered a scream, dropped the basket with a crash which suggested breaking china, and then gasped, "Oh, Jake, what are you doing here? Why did you say that?"

I allowed a quiet smile to play about my features as I rapped briefly, "I am here to remark something I did not have a chance to tell you last night on account of your leaving so early."

A little color came back to her cheeks as she explained,

"my step-uncle came for me, Jake. He said I had to be back home in Grainger before twelve o'clock. He is very strict."

"Well, Gerania," I continued, "uncles aside, I would like to give you an important message which has nothing to do with my chosen work of being a detective. Last night when I saw you disguised as a Chinese I knew that something had come into my life."

A moment's silence filled the street. "Yes, China is a fascinating country," she whispered in a nervous manner. "I am crazy about it. The Chinese are a wonderful little people. I don't see why there is so much prejudice against them."

"At ten o'clock last night," I went on, "we got into my automobile and, after

I had replaced the water which had leaked out of



the radiator, I took you to a drug store where you ordered a Chinese Delight sundae with whipped cream and chop suey."

"Yes," she whispered again.

"Before you finished that sundae, Gerania," I accentuated quietly, "I knew I would never be able to live without you."

She did not say anything but looked down at the pavement.

"I will soon," I cracked efficiently, "be able to support you in the style to which you are accustomed, because I am a trained detective and in a short time will be traveling all over the world practicing this splendid modern profession, with my expenses paid by others. How would you like to come along? I am already on my first case, having been assigned to clear up the mystery of the ghost at Villa Nox."

The red flush in her cheeks vanished as quickly as it had come. I noticed that she was trembling.

"Oh, Jake," she said, "please don't go to Villa Nox. Please don't."

"You do not have to be scared for me," I told her. "As a trained detective

I am well able to take care of myself. But that has nothing to do with the subject. At present what I want to know is your present address—for purely personal reasons."

"Not now, Jake," she said in a shaky voice. "I'll tell you later. I must hurry to pick up some things at the Chinese laundry here. Goodby, Jake. Thank you. Goodby again. And, oh, Jake, please stay away from Villa Nox."

With a gradually breaking heart I watched her enter the Chinese laundry establishment and then went back into my automobile. To my surprise the starter worked.

(What will Jake discover at the haunted bungalow? What will he do first? You will be thrilled by the events in the following chapter.)

CHAPTER III

A HAUNTED BUNGALOW

June 9, 4:41 p. m.

AFTER giving Villa Nox the camera eye, I could see nothing which made it any different from the other two-room bungalows in the vicinity. One of the windows had lost its catch; but that was all.

It was only when I investigated a spot by some bushes, twenty-five yards distant, that I found a clue. A party with very large feet and tobacco chewing tendencies had stood behind those bushes. He had also made several trips to the broken window. Beside one of the footprints was a U. S. dime, doubled over on itself and with a couple of dents in same.

Having placed the latter clue in my pocket, I went inside once more, to take out my little diary book and jot down the following questions:

"1. Why is the bungalow in which I am making my headquarters called Villa Nox instead of Nox Villa?"

2. Is the ghost in Villa Nox connected with the recent crime wave?"

3. Who was the party behind the bushes and what is the significance of the clue now in my pocket?
4. Why did Gerania turn pale at my mention of Villa Nox?
5. What did Gerania have in her basket?
6. Why did a cold but invigorating shiver pass through me every time Gerania said, 'Oh, Jake'?
7. Since Gerania lives in Grainger, what is her street number and also what is her telephone number, since there is no Greenwood listed in the telephone directory?"

After a careful study of the foregoing questions I was obliged to admit that I did not know the answer to any of them. For this reason I replaced the little diary book in my pocket and opened my lunch box.

(Midnight is coming. Will Jake encounter the supernatural inhabitant of Villa Nox? And, in that case, will the mysterious specter reveal his secret? You will learn all about these important developments in the following chapter.)

CHAPTER IV

A WEIRD INTERVIEW

June 9, Midnight.

IT was twelve p. m. when I awoke with a feeling that I had been aroused by a sudden noise. I was still in the bedroom, wondering what I had better do about same when a resounding thump came from nowhere in particular. I resumed conduct of the case by clearing my throat and querying crisply, "Is the party responsible for that there noise a ghost? Kindly signify by knocking three times for 'yes' and once for 'no.'"

A moment's silence filled the living room, followed by three light taps. I opened my little diary book in order to jot down the complete conversation in case I was able to draw the specter out, which I did as follows:

"Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"Are you unhappy?"

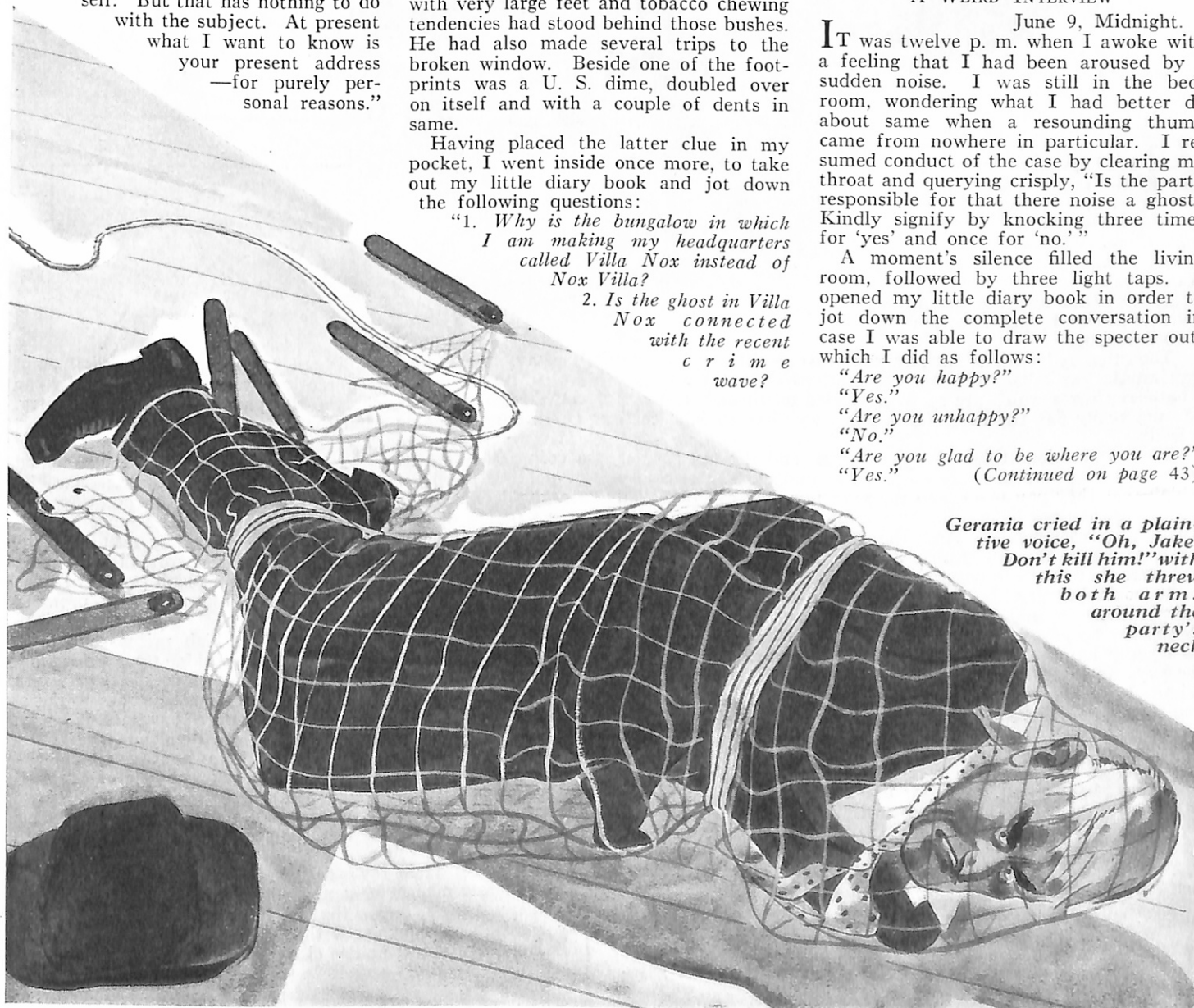
"No."

"Are you glad to be where you are?"

"Yes."

(Continued on page 43)

Gerania cried in a plaintive voice, "Oh, Jake! Don't kill him!" with this she threw both arms around the party's neck



When You "Soak the Rich"

An Interview with Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.,

by Samuel Crowther



HIGH taxes are due to just two reasons. The first is the belief that the other fellow pays them or can be made to pay them. The second is the belief that in public affairs we can regulate our expenses by what we want and not, as in private affairs, by what we can afford to buy.

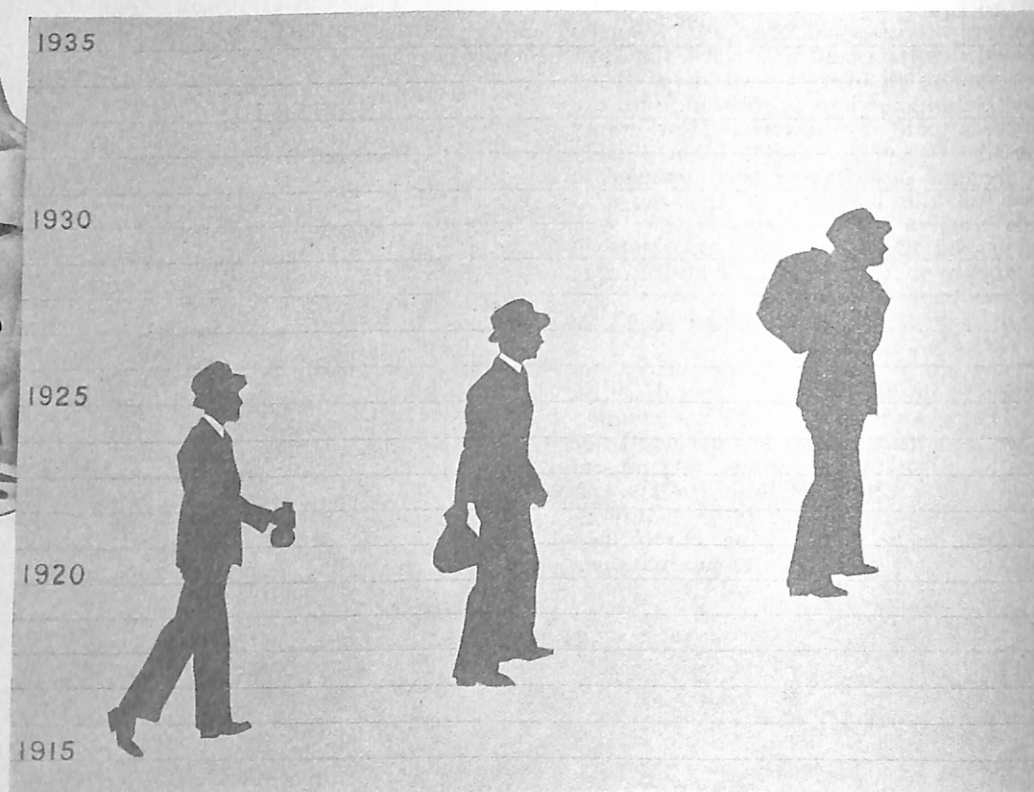
The other fellow does not pay your taxes—although he may get all the tax bills. The big corporations do not really pay the heavy taxes which are so freely levied on them. The rich do not really pay the taxes for which they have to send their checks.

The corporations think they pay taxes, and the tax item is a very serious one in every corporation budget. The rich also think that they pay taxes, and the very few who can be called rich in these days have a hard time finding the funds to meet their tax assessments. And the death duties are so high that many who thought themselves heirs to considerable estates discover that they are only agents for the tax gatherers.

It would be very hard to convince any of the heavily taxed corporations or individuals that they do not really pay their taxes, for they have daily evidence to the exact contrary. It is equally hard to convince the man in the street who thinks he pays no taxes that the other fellow is not paying them for him. It is impossible to convince the army of people now subsisting on governmental allowances that they are not living on money taken from the wealthy.

When I say that the apparently most heavily taxed do not pay their taxes, I am not referring to the tax evasions that one hears so much about. Neither the large corporation nor the rich man can evade taxes except within the provisions of the law—their affairs are too closely examined and checked. The evading or non-evading of taxes has nothing to do with who in the end pays them, and the hullabaloo about putting teeth into tax bills is only so much more evidence of the notion that the other fellow can be made to pay the taxes.

Anyway, all the legitimate and illegitimate evasion of corporate and of income taxes put together do not amount to more than a fraction of the losses through the evasion of the gaso-



line tax. That, however, is another matter. The vital point is that, no matter who apparently pays taxes, they actually can come from only one source—the production of the country. There is no escaping from that.

Everyone, after only a moment's reasoning, must realize that a corporation, for instance, is not a thing of itself but a kind of pool of the interests of its workers and management, its stockholders, and its consuming public. No corporation can, over a period of years, earn an inordinately high percentage of profit. Abnormally high sales in one year may result in very large profits, but they will be offset by abnormally low sales in another year. High prices do not bring high profits because not only do they cut down volume but also they promote competition.

Every man in business knows that high prices cannot be wangled out of wages, for, all other considerations aside, low wages bring bad workmanship and also, of course, low wages limit the markets by limiting the buying power of the workers. A heavy corporate tax in a good year may in part be paid out of profits. But if profits, and therefore dividends, are eliminated, a large buying power is withdrawn from the stockholders and this finds its reflection in a lower rate of business for the corporation, and hence in unemployment.

Thus, the men who work for wages pay the tax by going without jobs. Or, if the work be spread, by losing an amount in their weekly envelopes. If the tax be added to price, then sales fall—and again the workmen suffer.

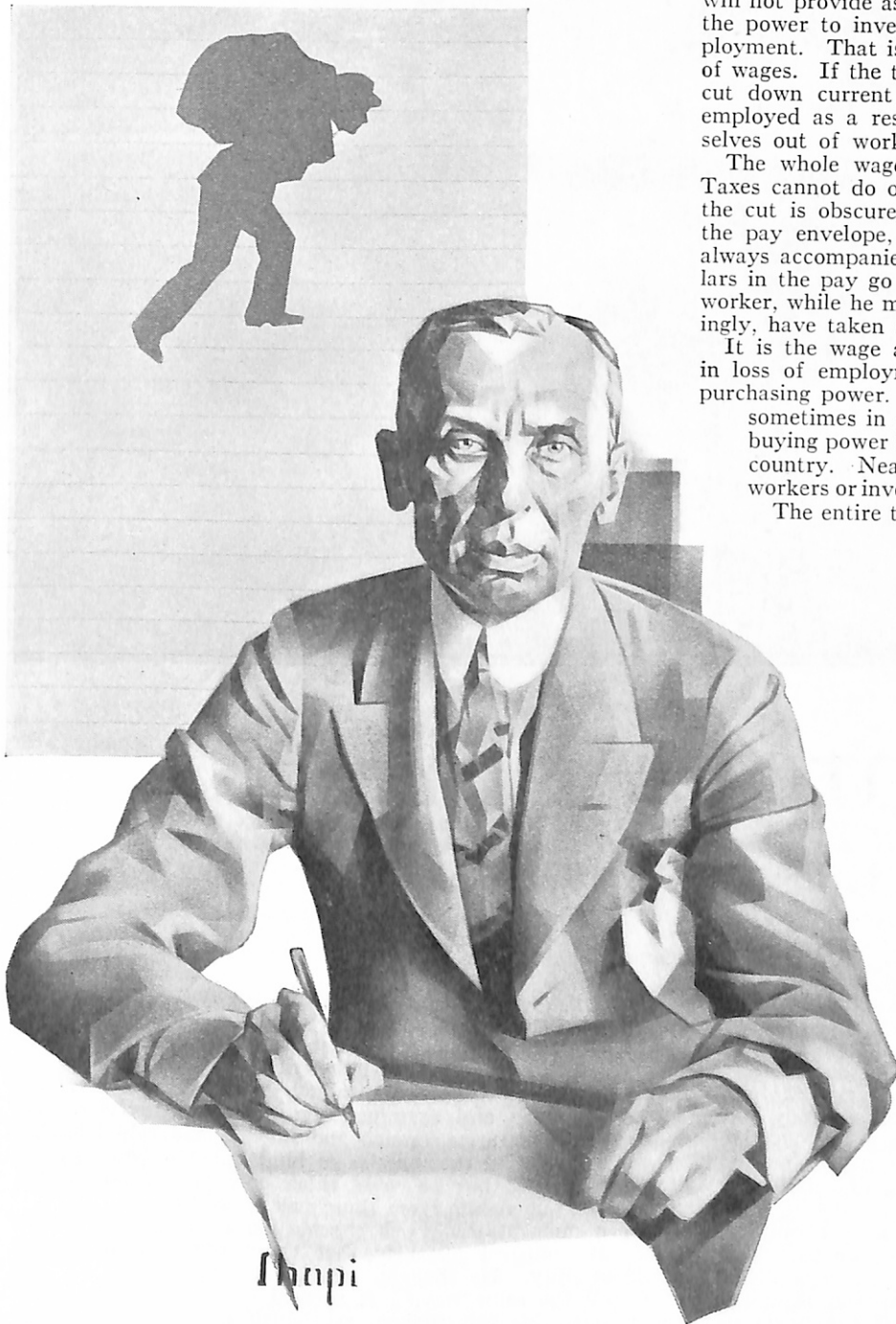
A corporate management never lowers wages by the amount of the tax it pays, but in the end it is the workers who really pay the bill. No one wills that the workers should pay the bill. But there is just no one else to pay it. For they are at the point of production—and it is the production that pays.

Soaking the rich is a favorite pastime. But here again the

Whom Do You Really Soak?

President, General Motors Corporation

Illustrated by Shapi



worker pays. A very rich man can under no circumstances spend his entire income. It might be better if he could, but there are physical limits to expenditure, so most of the men who are called wealthy save far more than they spend. They buy bonds, stocks and real estate, and these stocks, bonds and pieces of real estate add to the capital account of the country and provide work for men. If the amount that they would ordinarily invest is taken by taxes, then private industry loses that much capital—and employs fewer men.

The Government cannot spend its money in the same manner as private industry, for it has no sound method of using money in self-sustaining enterprises. Therefore a Government dollar will not provide as many jobs as a private dollar. Taxing away the power to invest thus cannot do other than promote unemployment. That is, the worker indirectly pays the taxes by loss of wages. If the tax on the rich is so heavy as to force them to cut down current expenditures, then the men who have been employed as a result of those current expenditures find themselves out of work.

The whole wage bill of the country is cut down by taxes. Taxes cannot do otherwise than cut it down. Often the size of the cut is obscured by the raising of the number of dollars in the pay envelope, but these rises in periods of high taxes are always accompanied by higher general prices, so, while the dollars in the pay go up, the purchasing power goes down and the worker, while he may think he has had a pay rise, may, unknowingly, have taken a pay cut.

It is the wage and salary earner who always pays the taxes in loss of employment, in lowered dollar wages or in lowered purchasing power. Sometimes the worker pays in one way and sometimes in another. But always he pays, and his lack of buying power is felt by every business, large and small, in the country. Nearly all of us are workers, but whether we are workers or investors, we go up and down with the wage earner.

The entire tax bill of the nation today is roughly reckoned at fifteen billion dollars—including Federal, State and local taxes. It is difficult to get at the exact amount because of the multitude of taxing agencies, and it is not to the interest of politicians to let the citizens know actually how much they are paying. Strangely enough, the great business of government muddles along with hardly more than a glorified cash account. It has none of that book-keeping without which even a small business could not exist.

FIFTEEN BILLION DOLLARS would have been a serious item in 1928 and 1929 when our national income was running in the neighborhood of ninety billion dollars. But now, when our national income can hardly be more than forty-five billion dollars, taking a third of that income for taxes simply means ruin.

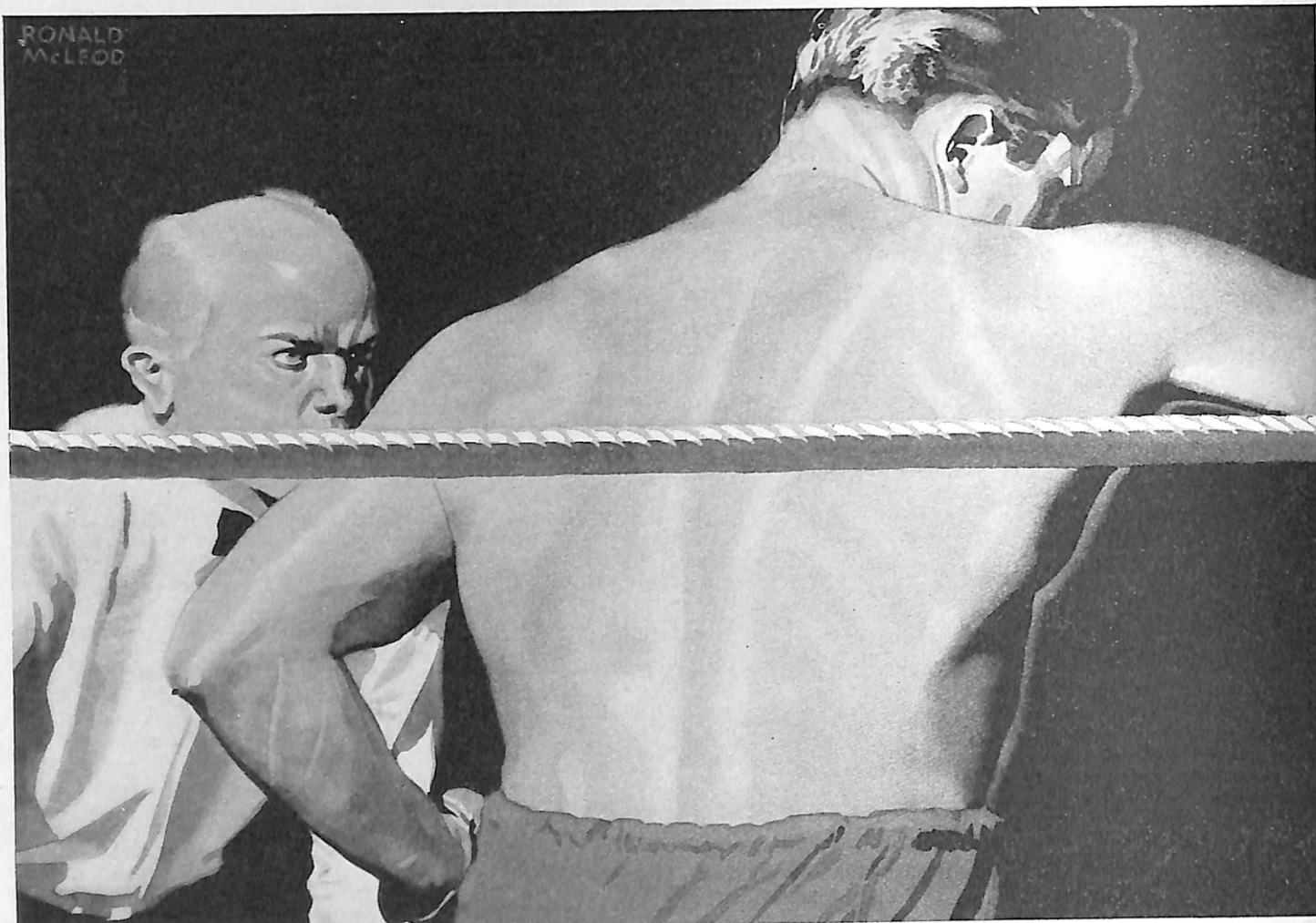
Who would be ruined? The rich? The present rich would in part be wiped out, but they would be replaced by a new rich. For, as everyone knows, a certain number of men will get rich under any and all conditions. The very poor would not be wiped out. They have nothing to lose. The blow would fall directly on the great life-giving group of the country—on those citizens with incomes running up to, say, five or ten thousand dollars a year, who are neither very rich nor very poor and from whom come the brains and the purchasing power of the land. They are

the country's real producers.

It is the ordinary, respectable, hard-working citizen, hoping to provide for his family and himself and have a little something over for old age, who will be crushed down if the present taxes continue. And once this country is composed only of the very rich and the very poor, it is done for.

If anyone does not know what such a country would be like, let him turn his eyes on China and India. The Orient has only

(Continued on page 39)



Fighter's Feud

by Edward Shenton

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

WHEN Denny Harper, the ex-champ, entered the ring, a few hard guys in the upper galleries gave him the bird, but the rest of the house stood up, shouting and clapping. He looked awfully good, standing there in the glittering light, the same dark blue bath robe wrapped around him, outlining his broad shoulders and graceful tapering body. It was a little uncanny seeing him again, smiling and shaking his bandaged hands over his head, looking exactly as on the night five years before when he had retired undefeated middle-weight champion of the world.

The applause went on and on while he stood there, smiling. It must have made him feel good to look out on that mob all yelling and friendly and pulling for him. You wouldn't think he had an enemy in the place—until you glanced at the fighter in the opposite corner, leaning against the angle of the ropes and laughing at the ex-champ. He laughed with his head thrown back and all his square white teeth showing. Above his laughing mouth, his eyes were hard and mirthless and glazed with hatred. He never moved while the ex-champ walked across the ring, held out his hand and said: Hello, Joe!"

Then Joe Crawford thrust out his own hand, because everyone was watching, and sort of shoved the ex-champ's hand aside, viciously, as though the anger in him made it impos-

sible for the younger man to pretend to control his muscles. "I been waitin' a long time for this," he said.

The two stood staring at each other, and everybody in the ring was looking at them. Neither of them spoke again.

The ex-champ turned and walked back to his corner. He lifted his hands and examined the bandages carefully. He looked along his arms, tanned and smooth, and raised briskly on his toes, flexing the muscles of his legs. His body seemed light and strong, but he could think only of the hatred that had struck out at him from those pale, glazed eyes.

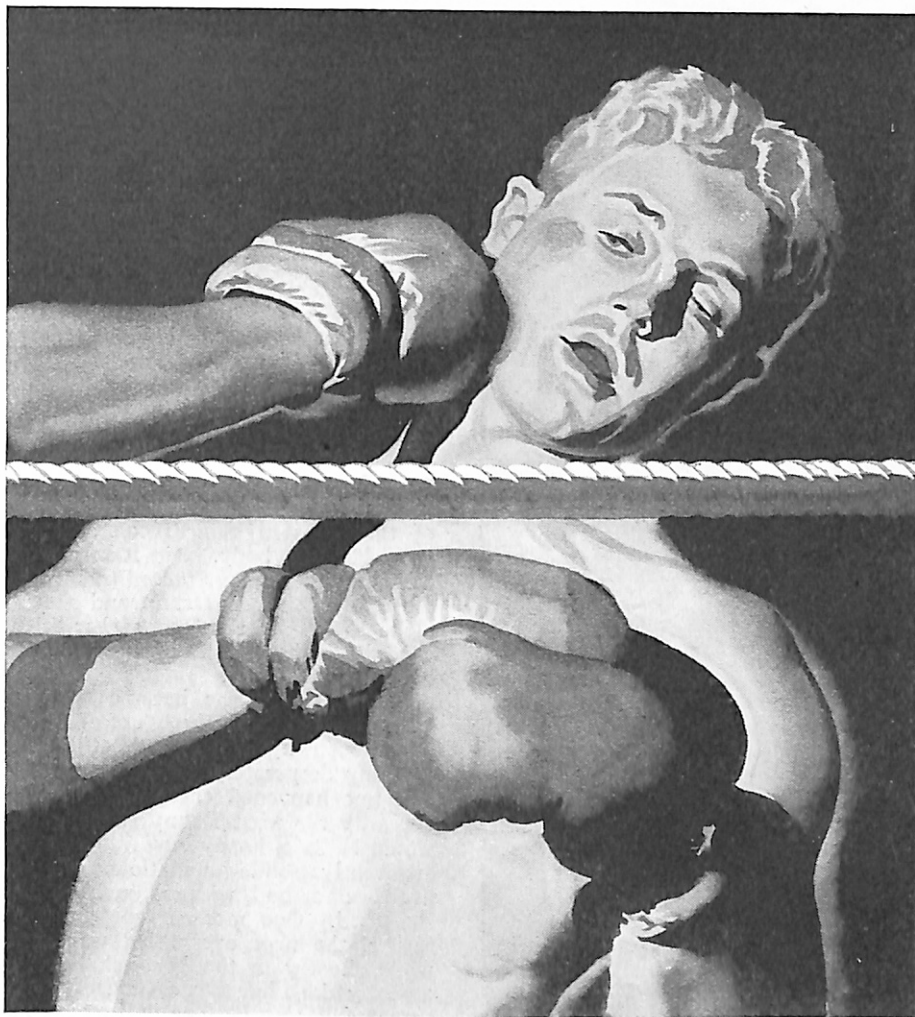
For a moment there was a sensation of fear deep within him. It vanished instantly, but there remained a residue of uncertainty. He thought, "After all these years . . . he still feels the same way." It seemed incredible, and a little monstrous. He felt shaken, as though he had come, unexpectedly, upon something extraordinary and dangerous.

Nothing of this was evident in his unhurried manner, or his calm smile, as he held out his hands to have the unsoiled yellow gloves laced upon them.

Here and there in the packed house was a man who remembered the first time Denny Harper fought Joe Crawford.

"Pop" Bradley remembered very well. He had refereed that bout and each detail returned clear and vivid, although it had happened twelve years ago.

They had fought as amateurs at the old Columbia A. C.



Something snapped in his head, and all the details of the ring were suddenly blurred

One of the functions of that almost forgotten club had been to provide a place where personal quarrels could be settled. It had been an honorable custom and the source of many fine fights that cost "Chesty" Hogan, promoter and owner, nothing.

"Pop" Bradley recalled the afternoon Denny and Joe came into "Chesty's" office. "Pop" knew Joe as a stubborn, rather sullen young fellow who had boxed in various amateur tournaments; Denny he had never seen before. Joe was big even then. His shoulders bulked in his coat. He kept his square pale face thrust toward Harper and it was blanched with hatred. It startled "Pop" to see a face hating so terribly. Denny ignored Joe. Dark and contained he waited easily, looking slender beside Crawford, and as young, although he must have been four or five years older. They wanted to fight, but neither would say why. Joe shook his head angrily. Denny smiled. "All right," "Chesty" said. "Friday night. Four rounds."

Joe left without a word. Denny said, "Thanks," and went out closing the door gently behind him. "Pop" looked at "Chesty" and said, "That's a funny one." Only he meant that it was strange.

The fight was even stranger.

Now, after twelve years, "Pop" Bradley's blood ran cold, remembering. Crawford was like a great white cat gone suddenly mad. He did not walk, he pounced. His gloved hands slashed the air. His face was contorted. Through the slit of his mouth came a stream of inarticulate sound.

And nothing did him any good.

When he pounced, there was no one there; when his gloves rent the thick air, they met only the haze of tobacco smoke; and when he paused, even for an instant, something flicked with the speed of light. An invisible something, it lashed

out at him; there was a cracking thud, and his head rocked dizzily, or a red splotch appeared upon his pale body.

Presently he bled. First his nose bled, and then he bled from the mouth. His mouth began to swell, and the red spot on his ribs spread and darkened. It was toward the end of the third round he began to sob. "Pop" Bradley recalled how the sound had made his flesh crinkle and stirred the hair along his neck. It gave him the creeps to hear that boy sobbing with rage and baffled hatred.

Then, in the wild fury of the fight, the heads of the two crashed together. A spurt of blood descended in a red veil over Crawford's face. He staggered back, pawing at his eyes, blinded and helpless. Denny dropped his hands, waiting. Joe lunged toward him, seeing dimly, through the streaming blood. Denny evaded the clumsy rush, pinned Joe's arms and glanced at Bradley. "Pop" stepped between, and stopped the fight.

"Let go," snarled Joe. "I'm all right. Let go."

"Some other time," Bradley said.

CRAWFORD tore free, shaking his crimsoned head, seeking Denny. His seconds leaped into the ring, and with Bradley's help dragged him, still fighting, to his corner.

Denny went over and said:

"Are we quits?"

Joe lifted his bloody, incredulous face. He put his gloved hand to his mouth, and mumbled:

"Never. What I said don't stop with this. You and me won't never be quits."

"Never," thought Pop Bradley, "is a long time; but twelve years is a long time, too."

There was a pause, everyone silent, as the gong rang.

Crawford pounced. He seemed to cross the ring in one bound. His thick arms came up with the regularity of a lever attached to some finely balanced machine. It formed a wall, behind which he side-stepped and retreated. He was high on his toes, and his movements were the rhythm of a dance. It was beautiful to watch. The crowd stood up yelling. The round went on at a breathless pace. Crawford never laid a glove on Denny's body. The five years of retirement seemed to have robbed him of nothing. The uncertainty was gone; he felt confident and secure. He paced the fight; his jab was perfectly timed, and his judgment of distance unerring. Only once did he use that famous one-two. When he did, his right hand followed the jab so fast that only those close to the ring knew what had happened. Crawford knew, though. Something snapped in his head, and all the details of the ring were suddenly blurred. He had a quick, awful fear that they wouldn't come clear again. They did instantly. The punch had landed on his cheek. The side of his face and his neck felt paralyzed. The hatred flowed back into his brain and his lips, already a little swollen, curled, showing the mouthpiece protecting his teeth. He lashed out, left and right, and took three jabs in an effort to get close, to land one solid punch. Oh, Christ, to slug just once, that dark, watchful face . . . The bell rang and Denny turned away quickly, smiling a little and smoothing with one gloved hand the undisturbed, dark cap of his hair.

Both fighters saw the girl at the same instant. She came down the aisle and the massed rows of spectators emphasized

her solitary passage. Denny recognized, incredulously, her familiar features; the dark eyes, the serene, level brows, her full mouth, unsmiling, the delicate, strangely pallid oval of her face.

When she knew that he had seen her, she gestured briefly and sat down behind the press row. Once seated, she opened her bag and passed a handkerchief across her lips. Then she smiled up into Denny's amazed face and he knew she was there because she loved him and was afraid.

SHE did not look toward Crawford but his gaze never left her. Above his drawn hating mouth his eyes were triumphant. He edged forward on the stool. The bell rang and the two fighters moved out into the ring. Joe turned from watching the girl. He jerked his hand toward her and laughed at Denny.

Crawford did not laugh again. He was on his feet when the round ended only because he was strong and in perfect condition.

The crowd was electrified. For a long time they had seen nothing like this. It was perfection they were witnessing, a superb performance. No one shouted and no one was seated from bell to bell. As the ex-champ walked to his corner, the released sound seemed to rend the steel girders of the roof.

"Everything's working great," Denny said to his manager.

"Easy, easy!" answered Morgan. "This Crawford's a strong finisher."

Denny glanced down at the girl, Nora, his wife. He tried to tell her that everything was working great and there was no reason to be afraid. But he saw she did not understand and that she was trying not to let him know of the fear within her.

At the end of the third round, Crawford dropped heavily on his stool. A handler held his trunks away so the reviving breaths could fill the limit of his lungs. Another worked deftly upon his swollen, bleeding mouth. He scarcely noticed them. He was alone, shut-in by the hatred he had carried with him night and day for all those years.

He had waited a long time for this. He had suffered and denied himself. What of all those days in filthy little gyms, gasping in foul hot air, sopping his sweating body with one dirty towel, lying on a rubbing table reeking of the weary bodies of other penniless boxers, black and white? What of the struggle to get a start? Hanging around the miserable clubs, getting a chance to substitute, maybe; taking a beating, earning fifty dollars and paying it all out, to handlers, to doc to sew up a cut mouth, training expenses. What of never getting the right food, or being able to live out where wind and sun could build his body? What of reading about Denny Harper, fighting hand-picked matches, going up and up, while he fought anybody, anywhere, for whatever he could get.

Wasn't that reason enough to hate his guts? Yeah, but that wasn't the reason he hated him. Nobody knew the real reason, only him an' Denny and one other.



Nora tried to smile. Jake noticed her hands. She was tearing her handkerchief, slowly, unknowingly. Her gaze passed over his head up to the ring

The fourth round Denny coasted. The crowd, aroused by the speed of the previous rounds, settled back, relaxed, became impatient. This was subtle where the others were pretentious; this was only for the eye of the elect; that infinitesimal movement of Denny's head as he slipped a punch, the beautiful blocking, the roll of his body, robbing the blows of their fury, the careful, untiring use of the ring. The whole round took scarcely more effort than walking up a flight of stairs. At the gong, Denny was in his own corner. Morgan shoved the stool under him and he sat down while Crawford still stood above him, staring in baffled hatred.

Nora existed only for that moment at the end of each round when Denny walked toward his corner, smiling assurance down at her. In the contact of that hurried glance, confidence relaxed her taut body. But it lasted only the instant their eyes united them. Then the fight reclaimed Denny and she was alone again. The pound of her frightened heart beat in her blood and she remembered. . . .

Remembering, she became two people, one intent upon the figure of Denny, half-hidden by his seconds, the other thinking desperately, "If only so much had not happened there would be no necessity for what Denny is doing. We would be safe, happy" But the apparently solid foundations of their life together had, without warning, been shattered. One moment she had been secure, the next everything was gone; while she lay in the hospital, her son, quaintly dark like Denny, asleep in the circle of her arm. The excitement had penetrated even there; she heard nurses and doctors talking of the stock-market, tumbling values, panic and disaster. When she questioned Denny he told her not to worry. She couldn't have worried anyway, she was still exhausted and absorbed in strangeness and wonder.

It was not until she was home again and stronger, that she realized the full extent of the cataclysm. Where there had been plenty, practically nothing remained. The house was still there, but for how long Denny could not tell. It was then Denny had told her what he intended doing.

"There's nothing else," he said. "If I can clean up fifty thousand" He lifted his strong square fighter's hands.

"With these," he said, and bending, kissed her.

That night the fear returned, and every night after, until tonight it possessed every part of her. She had always known something like this would happen And she loved Denny. She loved him so much, so much

There was something indomitable about the ex-champ as he came out for the fifth round, a kind of deadly ease that concealed what was actually happening. The crowd saw Crawford rush, saw him checked suddenly in mid-stride, noted the spreading bruises on his pale body and the steady drip of blood from his mouth, without being aware of the punches. (Continued on page 32)



RAY LEE JACKSON

Gladys Swarthout, above, the beautiful American operatic soprano, will doubtless be heard many times in the regular Saturday afternoon broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. These NBC programs, surprisingly enough, are sponsored by Lucky Strike

Men may come and men may go but Ed Wynn goes on forever. At the right we see him with his stooge, Graham McNamee, on a Tuesday evening at 9:30 rehearsing their tomfoolery before giggling it into NBC's mike. The program remains one of the entertainment world's biggest drawing cards



The inimitable Fire Chief, caricatured by X. Cugat, the Waldorf's bandleader

Cast and Broadcast

By
**Phillips
Coles**



RAY LEE JACKSON

Sponsored by a bath salt or mouth wash or something equally useful, America's favorite tenor, John McCormack, sings for NBC. His handsome phiz ornaments the space above



MAURICE SEYMOUR

The smoothest of the Three Smoothies is Babs Ryan, above. The Three Smoothies, in case you don't know it, are the trio who, for Columbia's Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, sing harmony so close that it is practically adjacent

The goings on at Princeton depicted in "She Loves Me Not," the comedy by Howard Lindsay, may astonish dignified alumni of that University. The irregularities begin when a music hall dancer bursts into the rooms of an earnest young undergraduate and begs sanctuary from the results of a little shooting party. His misguided chivalry brings a chapter of highly diverting complications in its train. One such is the advent of Charles D. Brown, a newspaper sleuth and Robert Bentzen, his cameraman, who are shown here in the act of photographing Polly Walters, the missing murder witness. It's all very improbable but very amusing, and it's packing them in



WHITE

Behind the Footlights



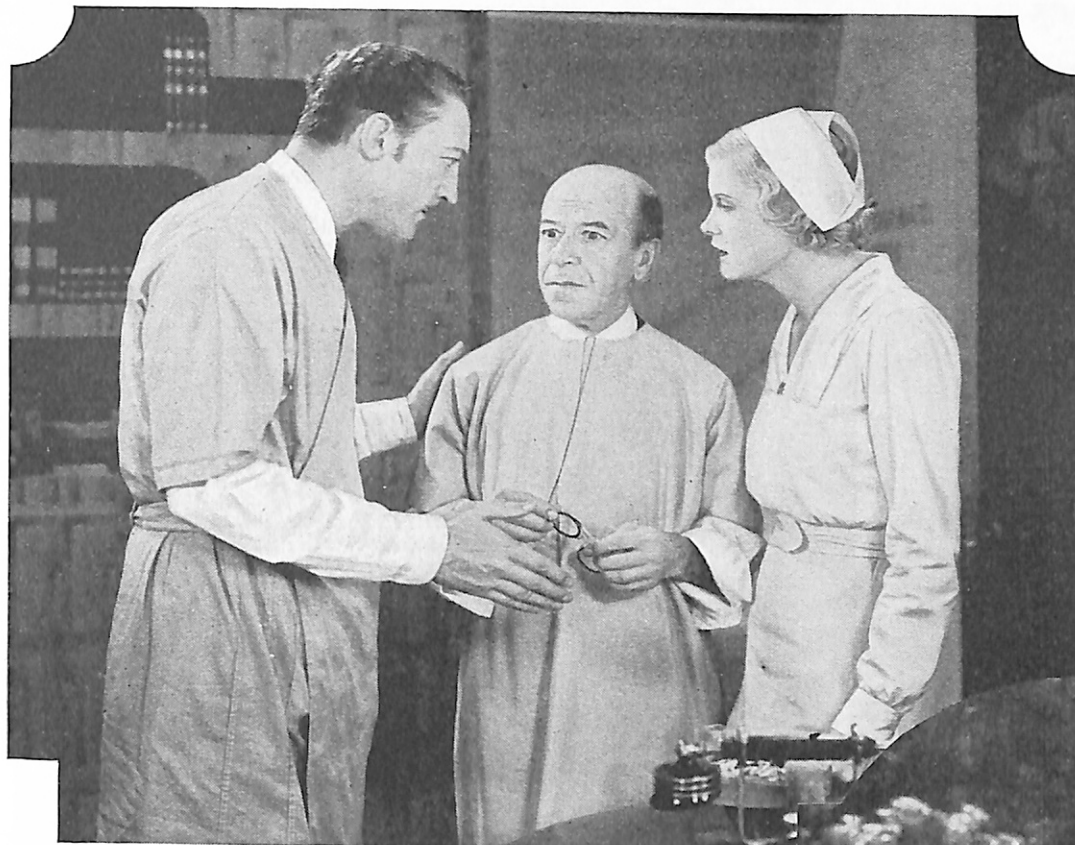
VANDAMM

"All Good Americans," by Laura and S. J. Perelman is greatly helped by the suave flippancy and blond pulchritude of Hope Williams, pictured above in her favorite Paris bar with Fred Keating. She is the leading spirit in a group of Bohemian expatriates who conceal their heartaches with a camouflage of bright and acid quips. Miss Williams and the gay badinage of her followers are the saving graces of a comedy that is just a little bit weak in plot



VANDAMM

"The Lake," by Dorothy Massingham and Murray MacDonald, enjoyed a great success in England and has as its star, Katharine Hepburn, who recently made such a sensational rise to fame on the screen. The drama, though intelligent and interesting, has large arid spaces and Miss Hepburn, pictured above in her bridal finery, is glamorous, but gives an uneven performance. Colin Clive, Frances Starr and Lionel Pape, the other members of the group, are all splendidly cast



The dark and devious ways of a medical impostor are the theme of the picture entitled "Bedside." The personable Warren William (extreme left) plays the malpractitioner who, as you might expect in a characterization by this popular actor, has a few redeeming instincts. The other members of the trio pictured here are Donald Meek, who formerly enjoyed a considerable popularity on the Broadway stage, and Jean Muir, Mr. William's good angel

and on the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

Francis Lederer, strolling with Elissa Landi (right), is the handsome young European actor who went to Hollywood following the phenomenal success he scored on Broadway in the play called "Autumn Crocus." In "Man of Two Worlds" he is a mighty young Eskimo hunter whose strange fate leads him to adventure in an English garden



There's a screen play coming called "Six of a Kind" and the sextet involved are pictured at the left: Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. A bank robbery, mad driving and a western holdup are a few of its incidents

How to Live a Happy Life

Anonymous

Illustrated by Bob Dean

This is the third and final article by this anonymous author in what might well be termed "A Trilogy on Happiness." The first article dealt primarily with spiritual values; the second with the physical aspects involved in the eternal pursuit of happiness in which all of us are engaged. In this magnificent display of faith and fortitude the author discusses the mental side—the right viewpoint toward the achievement of fruitful living



IN the first part of this discussion of The Management of Happiness I made the statement that I—crippled, deafened and severely diabetic—would probably live longer than most men who are at present in perfect health. As unreasonable as that declaration would seem, I believe that I logically demonstrated its truth. I shall prove it even more conclusively by remaining alive and energetic, adding year to year, decade to decade, until a mellow old age shall be my reward for proper management.

I mentioned, also, that I am undoubtedly happier than most people. Perhaps you will find that to be an even larger pill to swallow, especially when you remember the many real afflictions that I must forever carry. But if you will read on, I shall convince you.

It is not my desire to conceal my object in writing thus intimately about myself. I want to leave with you a deeply-impressed reflection; I want to make you say to yourself:

"If he can be happy under such conditions as are an inseparable part of his life—what about me? He is a cripple, and I am straight-limbed and strong. He is deafened, and I have good hearing. He has an incurable disease, and I am well. He has known the suffering and the anguish of all these afflictions; he has even to travel on alone without the companionship of the wife he loved. My life has been relatively easy."

That is the thought I want to leave with you. I want to make you feel ashamed of every harried frown which you allow to crease your brow, of every tear you shed, of every sensation of humiliation, fear, envy and self-pity that overcomes you—in short, I want to make you ashamed to be unhappy.

I cannot tell you how to be happy. I cannot give you a recipe that contains the precise ingredients of a state of mind. Only in a most general way can I tell you to do this, or not to do that, so that you will be happy.

I have read a great deal of literature purporting to tell me just how I could find happiness. Some of these panaceas are material; some are spiritual. One assured me that if I developed my Personality—whatever that may be—and then utilized it in business or a profession, I'd become very wealthy. Hence, I'd be a happy man. The trouble with that is, the possession of money has never given me a single moment of what is happiness to me. When I have a good bit of it, it makes possible certain material comforts. But such pleasures are insignificant beside the sheer happiness that I derive from other sources.

Another treatise offered me happiness in the ethereal form of Hope. I couldn't be happy—no one could—on earth. But Hereafter . . . That was not for me, either. To be willing to be miserable until leaving this mortal coil is too much to ask of a man who is determined to live to be a hundred years old. Calmly patient when patience is indicated, yet I am somewhat the spoilt child about having happiness right now. I don't mean that I cry for it. Instead, I take the molding clay of circumstances and I create it.

When my little boy models out of clay a form which he assures me is a duck, the object does not always look like a duck to me. But he has set about molding a duck; to him it resembles a duck; to him, indeed, it is a duck. The world's most gifted sculptor could not create a truer duck, insofar as my son is concerned.



In my flight astride Pegasus, I have not neglected to wear a parachute or two

The general rule in the philosophy of Descartes is that "all things which are very clearly and distinctly conceived are true." Individual happiness, to be true, must be very clearly and distinctly conceived by each person for himself. That is why happiness is only a state of mind. That is why neither I nor any one else can give you a recipe for it.

There are, however, a few generalities that apply to the lives of all psychologically normal human beings. After a fashion, they are the basic ingredients of happiness; but just as no two persons have identical fingerprints, though all fingertips are traced by the same kind of lines, so do these ingredients exist in as many permutations and combinations as there are individual lives. To put it another way, I can tell you that the basic ingredients of all foods are some combination of protein, fat, carbohydrate, water, mineral salts and vitamins. But that could scarcely be called a tested recipe for chicken à la king.

Here, then, are the basic ingredients of human happiness:

1. Security

2. Adaptability and accomplishment
3. Love and admiration

I cannot tell you how to utilize them. I can only explain how I, recognizing the vital need of them, have managed to combine them with the bitter circumstances of my life to concoct the sweet and savory dish that is my happiness.

SECURITY! Considering that first essential ingredient you would probably believe that so far as being happy goes, I am done for. When you think of security you think of two seemingly integral factors of security—robust health and an ample supply of money. A lack of them usually gives rise to that complex fear—of invalidism, of death, of poverty and a state of destitution—which is a cause of unhappiness.

I have no such fear to disturb the placidity of my state of mind. I have already told you how I manage diabetes. I live hygienically. I give my body the expert care that is due so intricate and delicately balanced a machine. I am



They gave my persecutor the bum's rush

unafraid of an early death because I avoid committing those follies that cause an early death and attend scrupulously to those important little things that make for the prolongation of life. A reader, at this point, may remind me that, even so, life is very uncertain. "There are germs! A bolt of lightning may strike me! My train may be wrecked!" I commend that reader to the care of a specialist, for he is neurotic.

Having acquired, through physical management, the security of existence, what of that other kind—the security of living?

"Of course," you may say, "you have taken care of that. You have probably made your pile and have it safely put away. That is why you feel secure about the future."

You would be wrong. I have no invested capital. In terms of money, I have no cached resources. I say that, not with any particular pride, but simply as a matter of fact. A discussion of the good or the evil of the capitalistic system has no place in this article which deals with individual, not collective, happiness. The only point of it I wish to emphasize is that I could have gained no real sense of security by having amassed a fortune. Have business men no fear that they may lose their businesses? Do their employees never fear for their jobs? Do capitalists never tremble at the thought of losing their investments?

A true, lasting sense of security must be built on a foundation that cannot be shaken. It must be anchored to something that cannot be lost.

Recall that I said, "In terms of money, I have no cached resources." I began saving up for a rainy day, so to speak, at that distant time when I asked my first childish "Why?" question. Through the years I have kept on asking, "Why?"; and instead of squandering the answers in forgetfulness, I have carefully put them away in the vault of my memory to be added to the accumulated capital of my knowledge. The answers were not always easy to obtain. Usually I had to learn How before I could know Why. So I learned how to do many different things.

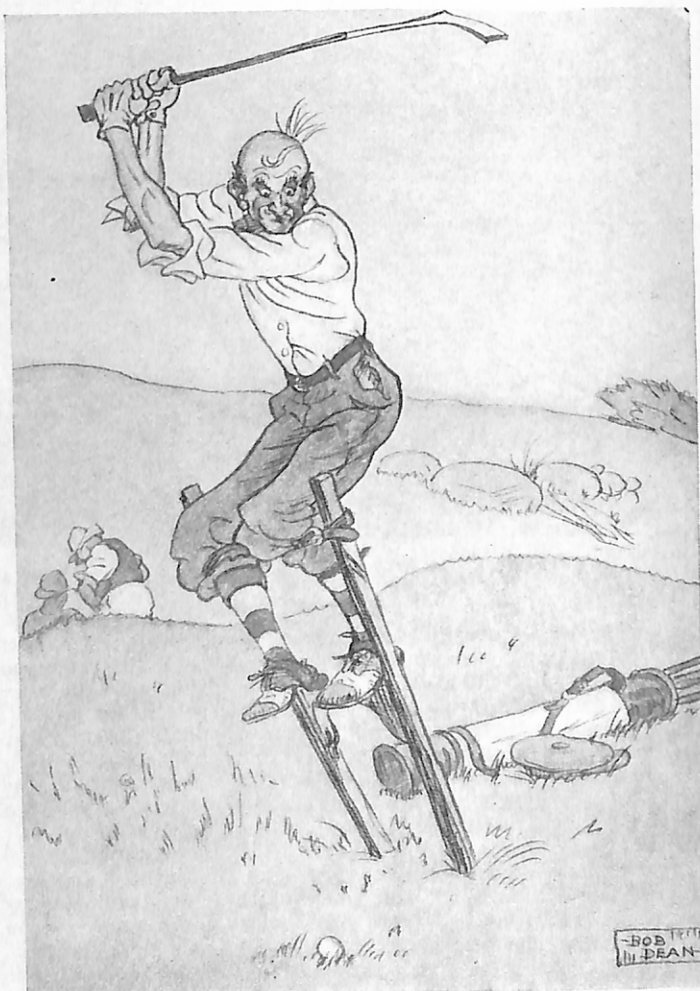
DESIRING to be an author, my chief training and application have been directed toward that end. But even in my profession I have been careful not to specialize. I write fiction of many types—the love story, the sport story, the adventure yarn, the mystery novel, the humorous story, even the tragic—and also I write essays like this one. I am purposely versatile. No doubt this lack of specialization has limited my renown and, hence, my income. But therein, I believe, lies my security. I'd rather have a smaller income forever than a larger income for a little while. Should I specialize, let us say, on stories of the boxing ring, what would happen to me when public interest in boxing waned? Some

years ago I was dangerously near becoming widely known for my pugilistic yarns. They were becoming rather popular. Editors said to me, "Let us have a boxing story." I was beginning to be referred to as a sports writer; so I called a halt. I have not written a story about prize fighters for nearly five years.

I keep alive my zest for life by cultivating a diversity of interests. I, like everyone else, was taught that a jack of all trades is master of none. But rather than be the master of my trade, I prefer to be the master of my happiness. I have some difficulty in differentiating my work from my play. It is all play for me. I never permit my work to grow irksome or my play to become monotonous. After so many hours a day at my typewriter, I turn to some other interesting activity. In the city where I live, I am the local representative of a well-known make of hearing device. When I am not writing, I call on "the trade"—my brothers and sisters in deafness—or meet them by appointment at my office. I persuade them to buy the hearing aid I offer because I know that it will help them as it helps me. I have learned the secret of successful salesmanship, whether the product to be sold be earphones, automobiles or lead pencils: Sincerity, honesty, truthfulness and dependability.

I have found any number of things to do in my spare time. I learned how to cook, because the culinary art is a useful one and, to me, good fun. For years I have done all the repairs on my automobile and, in a pinch, I could repair the cars of others, for money. I am a trained dietitian and have written quite a bit on the subject. From time to time during the past eight years, I have been associated with national advertising. At the present time, when I am not writing stories, articles or books, or attending to my earphone business, I turn to writing a radio program that goes on the air twice a week.

Of course, all of that may be (Continued on page 35)



Learning how to play golf was even more difficult than boxing

The Prize Winners in the National Bridge Tournament

By Bede Armstrong

Card Editor

THE Elks National Bridge Tournament is now a matter of history. There were 545 Lodges entered. The interest was widespread, no section of the country being without representation. Over 30,000 Elks and their friends took part in the affair.

The selection of the champions proved to be quite a task, as the playing was of a very high standard and the competition extremely keen. In every division the selection of the winners had to go beyond the par scores and be decided by both the bidding and playing. The standard by which these par scores were determined was the version furnished by the sixteen leading authorities who supplied the hands for the Tournament.

In addition to having their names inscribed upon the Memorial Trophy, each member of the winning teams in both the Auction and Contract Divisions will be awarded a handsome National Championship Trophy.

IN the Contract Division the North and South national prize winning pair was Bernard Magruder and Edwin Hofheimer of Racine, Wisconsin, with a total of 15 pars. They had very close contenders in the teams of B. P. Alshuler and A. R. Buttrey of Aurora, Illinois; Sam O'Connell and Thomas Gallagher of Holyoke, Mass.; and V. F. Boland and J. H. Law of Cleveland, Ohio. The decision was placed with the Racine team as a result of their finishing with more bids and contracts in the declarations given in the sixteen experts' analyses.

The contest between the East and West contract pairs was exceptionally keen, with nine teams tied on the par score figures. The winning team, Mrs. H. M. White and Mrs. T. A. Bath of Ely, Nevada, with 14 pars, held first place by a very slight margin over the following contenders: Mrs. Ray McCullough and Mrs. Ernest M. Cole of New Philadelphia, Ohio; M. J. Formhals and Dr. P. J. Wendel of Ottawa, Illinois; Mrs. Simmons and L. Welch of Canton, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gordon of Plattsburg, New York; Harry E. Baker and A. H. Millard of Monrovia, California; Mr. and Mrs. Nate Orange of Bradford, Pennsylvania; Miss Geraldine Dewey and Mrs. E. S. Hamaker of Nampa, Idaho; and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Jones of Dixon, Illinois.

In the Auction Division the high North and South pair was A. H. Hanneken and Floyd Smith of Dixon, Illinois, with a total

of 14 pars. They just nosed out Mrs. B. Malik and Pres Neville of Richmond, California, and Mrs. Edwin Wood and Mrs. Ansgar Johnson of Boise, Idaho.

The winning East and West auction pair was W. Draper and M. E. Johnson of (Continued on page 42)



A Prize Will Be Given to Every Elk Who Submits the Correct Solutions to the Two Problems Below:

Problem No. 9. Submit your version of the correct bidding and play of this hand. Contract bridge, North and South vulnerable. South dealer. The solution will be published next month.

♠ A-J-10-7-5-3			
♥ 8-6-4			
♦ K-J			
♣ Q-J			

♠ Q-9-8-6			
♥ A-K-Q			
♦ 8-5-3			
♣ 7-5-4			

	N	
W		E
	S	

♠ K-4			
♥ 7-3-2			
♦ A-Q-10-9			
♣ A-K-10-9			

Problem No. 10. Hearts are trump. South has the lead. How many tricks can you take against any defense by East and West? Give your version of the correct play.

♠ 5-3			
♥ None			
♦ K-6-4-3			
♣ 8			

♠ Q-6-4			
♥ 10			
♦ Q-10-8			
♣ None			

	N	
W		E
	S	

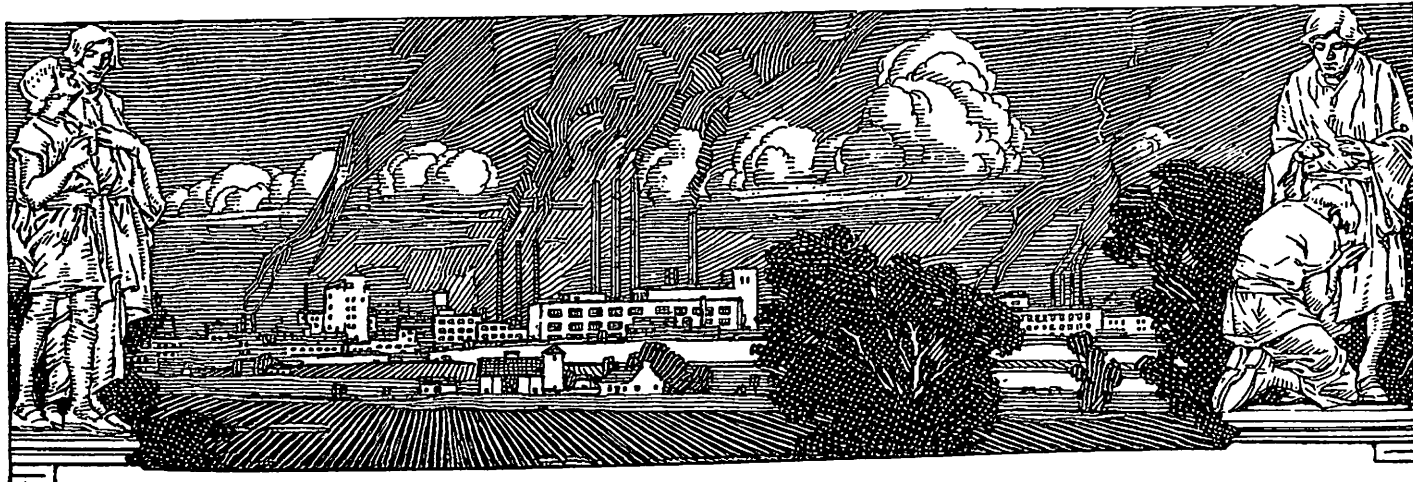
♠ 10-8			
♥ 8-2			
♦ J-9-7			
♣ None			

♠ J-7			
♥ Q-3			
♦ A-5			
♣ 7			

Send your answers to both problems to Bede Armstrong, Card Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They must reach him before the first of March, 1934.



BOTH CARTOONS REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, H. T. WEBSTER; THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., AND FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., PUBLISHERS OF "WEBSTER'S BRIDGE."



EDITORIAL

AN APPROPRIATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

IT is assumed that the subordinate lodges have responded to the suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler, contained in his Official Circular No. 4, and that each one of them has been actively engaged in securing desirable applicants for the Sixty-fifth Anniversary Class, to be initiated during the ten days of this month set apart by him for the purpose.

The time so designated begins with Lincoln's Birthday on the twelfth, includes the Order's Birthday on the sixteenth, and ends with Washington's Birthday on the twenty-second. By virtue of this trio of natal anniversaries the period is one of peculiar patriotic and fraternal interest.

A birthday is a recognized event in every life. It is quite customary to celebrate it in some appropriate manner; and a not unusual incident is the presentation of gifts to the celebrant. Surely no more fitting gifts could be made to the Order on its approaching sixty-fifth birthday, than the timely initiation of a class of new members, or the reinstatement of former members, in each one of the subordinate lodges. The fact that such gifts would be primarily beneficial to the donor lodges only adds to their appropriateness and value.

It is to be hoped that sincere and interested effort will be made in each lodge to insure its generous contribution to the Sixty-fifth Anniversary Class. If this be done the Class will be a splendid birthday present from her children to the mother fraternity.

BULL FIGHTING

IT has been suggested in some quarters that bull fighting, so popular in Spain and Mexico, should be tried out as a sport in this country; and that the prospect of financial returns might well move subordinate lodges of the Order of Elks to sponsor such events in their respective communities. The suggestion is probably born of the wide publicity accorded to the spectacular career of the Brooklyn matador, Sidney Franklin, and of the recently expressed approval of the sport by certain prominent Americans.

It is likely that any attempt to stage such a spectacle

anywhere in the United States would be opposed by the civil authorities, as prohibited by local laws. But even if this difficulty were not presented, it is quite certain that public sentiment would be definitely opposed to the innovation. The sport is one which does not appeal to our people generally; and this means it would not appeal to the great majority of Elks.

It is to be hoped that the suggestions will not be seriously considered by any subordinate lodge. It is confidently believed that, were bull fighting promoted under such auspices, or any attempt made to this end, the prestige of the whole Order would be materially impaired.

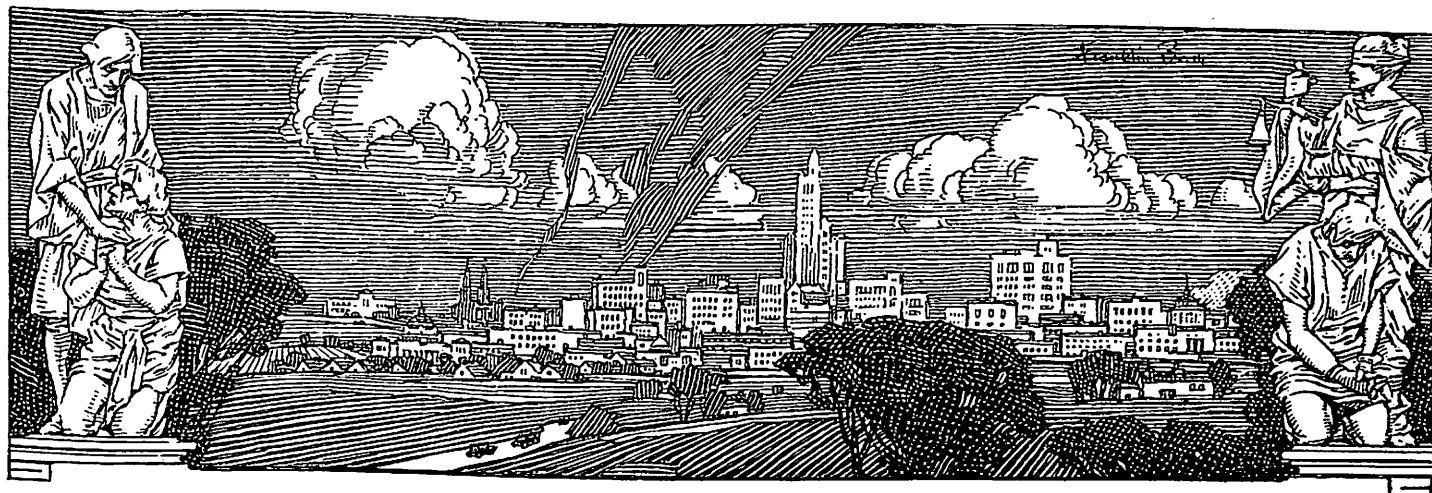
INITIATION FEES

THE theory upon which a fee is charged for the privilege of becoming a member of any fraternal organization is that such membership has a real value which should be recognized by the applicant; and that his interest therein should be evidenced by his willingness to make such payment. The fact that initiation fees constitute a source of substantial income is incidental. Without such charge membership might become too cheaply indiscriminate.

But there are instances in which the usual fee is prohibitive to otherwise eligible candidates. This is most frequently true in the cases of young men just starting their independent careers, which class naturally embraces many who would be very desirable members.

In recognition of this the Constitution of the Order has been recently amended, so as to effectuate the Statute on the subject adopted at Milwaukee. Under this Statute subordinate lodges may now establish an initiation fee, for applicants under twenty-six years of age, less than that required from others; and may dispense with such fee in the cases of certain applicants who have been members of The Antlers.

In order that a lodge may avail itself of this permission, it must adopt an appropriate by-law in the manner provided by Grand Lodge Statutes. And it is suggested that prompt consideration be given to this subject. The Order has a definite need for new members who are young in years and whose youthful enthusiasm and eager interest will give fresh impetus to our fraternal activities.



If each lodge will adopt such a reduced fee and will give proper publicity of the fact to the present membership, it is to be confidently anticipated that many new members from the preferred classification will be secured, in time to favorably affect the statistics for the current lodge year.

DON'T BE TOO SORRY FOR YOURSELF

THERE are many thousands of us who are so much less comfortably circumstanced now than we were a few years ago, and who are compelled to forego so many things we would enjoy, that it is easy for us to regard ourselves as proper objects of commiseration. And it is even easier for us to furnish our own sympathy. This is quite understandable; it is so human.

But there is danger in too ready an indulgence in self pity. It is apt to undermine our courage and faith and determination to make a personal recovery, which is the true unit of national recovery. And it also tends to make us less sympathetic with others who are in greater need of it. We are prone to use up too much of our supply on ourselves.

The great majority of those who read this will do so in surroundings which are safe and comfortable. They will be well fed, well clothed and in good health. They will be able to count their friends by the hundreds. Their bank accounts may be depleted; their savings may have been absorbed; their incomes may be curtailed or temporarily cut off; and their credit may be strained. But they only need to be observant on their next walk down the street to realize their comparative good fortune.

Look at the chap who taps his cane upon the sidewalk to guide his cautious steps because of sightless eyes. Notice the legless cripple who sits upon the hard pavement, offering his penny wares to indifferent passers. Note the twisted body of another, whose every labored movement is a pitiful evidence of his handicapped life. See the lips of another, blue with the cold against which his inadequate clothes give little protection. Watch the features of another upon which stark hunger has set its mark.

All these may be observed in the course of a short stroll along almost any city street. They have become such usual incidents that we are apt to pass them all unheeding. We are sure to do so if we be too intent upon our own lesser misfortunes. And yet, paraphrasing the

classic statement of a certain Bishop of London, any one of us might truly say, "but for the grace of God that might be me."

Don't let us be too sorry for ourselves. Let us save some of our sympathy for others who are really entitled to it. And let it lead us to thoughtful, kindly helpfulness for them. There is nothing that will brighten our own outlook so much.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

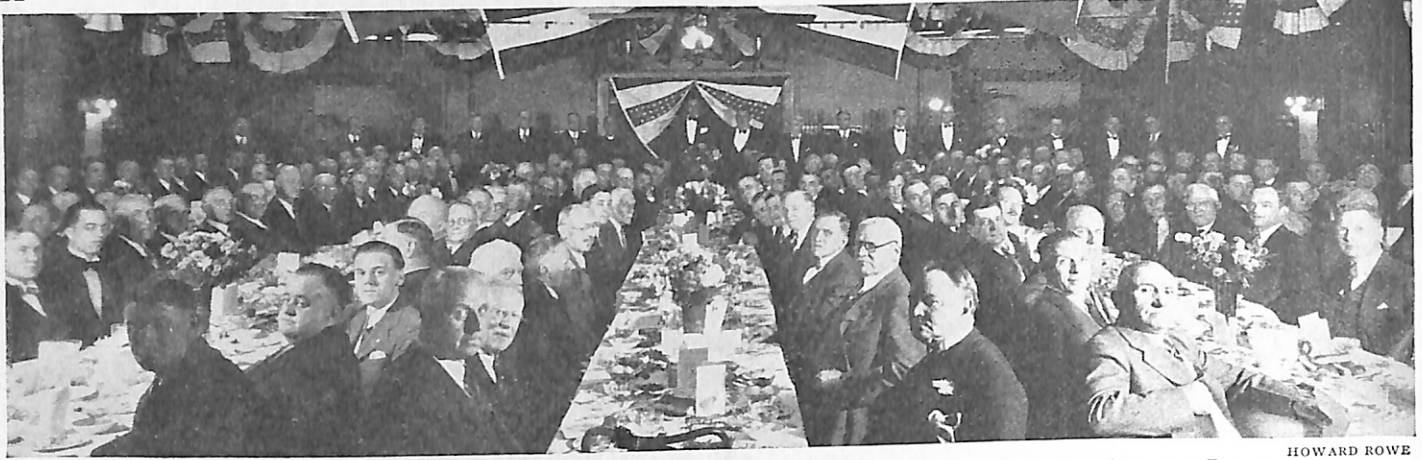
ON the eighth of this month Boy Scouts of America enters upon the twenty-fifth year of its existence. The organization has planned an extensive program, to be observed throughout the year, in celebration of the event and of its achievements since its foundation.

The true conception of its accomplishments must, of course, have relation to the influence it has exerted on the lives of the boys and young men of America; and mere statistical figures are only relatively important. But when it is learned that there are over a million active Boy Scouts in this country today, and probably more than five million men who have been members, it becomes obvious that its influence has been tremendous.

That the part the organization has played in the development of American youth has been altogether wholesome, instructive and uplifting, is known to all who have even the most casual knowledge of its purposes and its methods of promoting them. While its chief objective is the building of character, the inculcation of high moral and ethical standards, and the effective training of its members in kindness, courtesy and helpfulness to others, yet of comparable importance is the training it affords them in practical knowledge which fits them for a self-reliant and serviceable life.

An Eagle Scout, who must have passed most rigid tests, covering numerous fields of useful information, in order to win that proud title, is a well grounded young gentleman, admirably equipped to meet almost any emergency.

The Order of Elks, through its subordinate lodges, has displayed its keen interest in Boy Scouts by sympathetic and substantial support of local scout troops and in numerous other appropriate ways. It is pleasing to add this word of commendation of the splendid national organization; and to express the hope that it may continue to grow in numbers and influence through the years to come.



Members and guests of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of the Thirtieth Anniversary Party

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Tri-State Elks Association Holds Meeting at Hagerstown Lodge

The Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association held its first quarterly meeting in the Lodge room of Hagerstown Lodge and reasserted itself in favor of a State appropriation for the use of the Crippled Children's League.

Among those present were J. Morris Guider, President; Calvert K. Hartle, Secretary; Louis N. Frank, Third Vice-President; John E. Lynch, N. Bosley Hoffman and Paul I. Paine, Trustees; and Past Presidents Alfred W. Gaver and Lawrence E. Ensor. The Association was welcomed by Exalted Ruler E. Leister Mobley of Hagerstown Lodge.

Committees were appointed by the President, several reports were read and addresses delivered, and the date for the next quarterly meeting of the Association to be held in the Lodge room of Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, was decided upon. The meeting adjourned subject to recall by President Guider.

Calvert K. Hartle, State Secretary

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge Mourns Passing of Exalted Ruler

With deep regret Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759, announces the recent death of its Exalted Ruler, Cluness W. Lathlean, who passed away after several months of illness.

Initiated into Hilo Lodge on September 7, 1929, Mr. Lathlean was a tireless worker for the good of the Order. He became Exalted Ruler last spring, and performed his duties ably up until October, although many times he should have conserved his strength when he was expending it for the ultimate benefit of the Lodge. Mr. Lathlean was Mechanical Instructor at the Hilo High School during the past seven years. He left behind him a host of friends.

Ritualistic funeral services were held in the Lodge room of the Home, after which the body was cremated. Mr. Lathlean's many friends in the Order extend deep sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

Robert S. Moir, Correspondent

Lodge Host to Crippled Children's Commission

New Jersey's state-wide crippled children program has been made more efficient than ever as a result of a recent conference

in the Home of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, which was attended by more than 500 state officials, committee members, doctors, nurses and welfare workers. The purpose of the conference was to coordinate the work of the various organizations and agencies interested in this activity, so as to eliminate duplication of work or expenditure of funds. Official records show cash expenditures of \$925,013.35 on this New Jersey activity since 1928.

The principal speakers at the conference were Governor A. Harry Moore, who signed the state laws on this subject in 1928; Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the State Crippled Children Commission and Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Dr. Fred H. Albee, Chairman of the New Jersey State Rehabilitation Commission.

Scores present, including many doctors, pledged the continued contribution of their services. Several members of boards of freeholders gave assurance of county financial support because of the recognized economic value of rehabilitating cripples.

Special welcome was accorded a delegation from Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, which is carrying on a crippled children program prepared by the New Jersey Committee and sponsored by Postmaster General James A. Farley, Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw Lodge and Past President of the New York State Elks Association.

Joseph G. Buch, Trenton Lodge, No. 105

Oklahoma State Elks Association Convention at El Reno

The annual meeting of the Oklahoma State Elks Association held some time ago at El Reno was a highly successful gathering of Oklahoma members of the Order. The first day's session was well attended and discussion of Elk affairs in the State took up most of the evening. The second day of the Convention was devoted to entertainment at Fort Reno, which is the Government Remount Station. The entertainment features were much enjoyed by the Elks and their families.

The annual State Ritualistic Contest was won by Blackwell Lodge, No. 1347. The third day was devoted to the business of the Association, to the election of officers and choosing the 1934 meeting place of the next Convention. Shawnee was selected and the annual meeting is scheduled to take place

on the third, fourth and fifth of September.

The officers who will serve during the year 1933-34 are as follows: M. W. Brown, Shawnee Lodge, No. 657, President; D. H. Perry, Enid Lodge, No. 870, First Vice-President; George M. McLean, El Reno Lodge, No. 743, Second Vice-President; W. H. Eyler, McAlester Lodge, No. 533, Third Vice-President; Louis F. Pfotenhauer, Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417, Secretary; H. A. P. Smith, Shawnee Lodge, Treasurer; M. M. Jacobs, Mangum Lodge, No. 1169, Tiler; B. B. Barefoot, Chickasha Lodge, No. 755; Harry Tucker, Blackwell Lodge; E. F. Rand, Oklahoma City Lodge; O. L. Hayden, Alva Lodge, No. 1184, and Harry Kessler, Oklahoma City Lodge, Trustees.

Louis F. Pfotenhauer, State Secretary

Gary, Ind., Lodge Host to Indiana North Meeting

The Autumn Dinner and Dance Party held in the Lodge Home of Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, in honor of visiting Elks from Indiana North, started off the week-end meeting of the Indiana North District. Over three hundred attended the affair. The festivities began at eight p. m. on Saturday and continued until the early morning hours. A chicken dinner was served, followed by dancing, music and entertainment.

Among the distinguished guests attending this particular evening's celebration were President Joseph L. Clarke, of the Indiana State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Frank E. Coughlin of South Bend Lodge, No. 235, and Exalted Ruler Cecil Rape, of Union City Lodge, No. 1534.

Early Sunday morning the business session of the Indiana North Association opened with the invocation by Father Michael Swiatowski. Mayor R. O. Johnson welcomed the visiting Elks to Gary in an address which was fittingly responded to by District Deputy A. Gordon Taylor, who then took charge of the meeting and introduced Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, State President Clarke, State Trustee Clifford M. Savage, Exalted Ruler Rape, Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Crippled Children's Clinic of the Illinois State Elks Association; and Bede Armstrong, Card Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Mr. Taylor then called on the representatives of each Lodge to give reports on the activities of their respective Lodges. Several resolutions were passed and a sug-

gestion offered that the Indiana North Association sponsor a crippled children's clinic. Other business also was accomplished. Past State President Clyde Hunter and Past District Deputies Victor V. Swartz and John Van Delester stressed the need of bringing before the public the charitable and civic work of the Lodges.

At noon a concert was presented by the Gary Elks Band, and afterward a full course dinner was served to the guests in the banquet hall of the Lodge Home. In the afternoon a Lodge meeting was held by No. 1152 at which a class of candidates was initiated. The meeting turned to discussion of Good of the Order and addresses were made by Grand Secretary Masters, President Clarke, State Trustee Savage and Mr. White.

The session was closed after the Indiana North delegates had accepted the invitation of Valparaiso Lodge, No. 500, extended through Vice-President Julius Albe, to hold the next meeting there on the last Sunday in April.

Erland F. Andren,
Secretary of Gary Lodge

Impostor Reported by Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge

Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 616, wishes to notify the Lodges of the Order that a man calling himself William Hughes, who has obtained relief from Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, No. 1413, and Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514, is an impostor. There is no William Hughes on the roster of Honolulu Lodge and warning is given in order that other Lodges may not be imposed upon by his importunities for further aid.

J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp Writes on N. R. A.

In the December, 1933, issue of the *Lehigh Valley Motor Club News* appears a splendid article by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp entitled "Will the NRA Succeed?" Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp is Chairman of the N.R.A. Compliance Board of Allentown, Pa. This article, on a question that vitally concerns every thinking American, is a hopeful and convincing view of the purposes and achievements of the Roosevelt Administration's National Industrial Recovery Act.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain Visits Arizona State Elks Hospital

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain recently paid a visit to the Arizona State Elks Association Hospital at Tucson. He was greeted by a Reception Committee and escorted about the City and later to the Hospital.

Those on the Reception Committee were Past State Association President Jacob Gunst, Chairman of the Hospital Executive Committee; Past District Deputy M. H. Starkweather, Secretary of the Committee; Exalted Ruler Howard F. Potter; Secretary F. A. Michael; Esteemed Loyal Knight J. O. Nabours; Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles Pearson; Miss Margaret A. Thomas, Superintendent of the Hospital and her assistant, Miss Mary Hartsonk; Ralph Gunst, II, representing the Tucson Lodge of Antlers; Mayor Henry O. Jaastad; a representation from Boy Scout Troop No. 1, the ranking troop in Arizona, sponsored by Tucson Lodge, No. 385, and several other Elks and patients at the Hospital.

After the visit to the Hospital, Mr. Rain was taken on a tour of most of the interesting spots in the vicinity, including the Government Hospital, where he visited with several members of the Order; the University of Arizona; the San Xavier Mission, the oldest mission in the United States and still

Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge Planning for Elks' National Bowling Tournament

Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, will play host to the Seventeenth Annual Elks' National Bowling Tournament to be held in Cleveland in March and April under the auspices of the Lodge.

It is the desire of the national officers and of the Cleveland Lodge Bowling Committee to make the coming event the largest and finest fraternal bowling tournament in the world. The entries will close at midnight on March 1st, and the tournament will open on Saturday, March 24th. The committee selected the Euclid-Thirteenth Recreation Parlors, equipped with fifty-six tournament alleys on one floor, for the games to be bowled on.

E. W. Linsz, of Cleveland Lodge, has been named General Chairman of the Local Tournament Committee, with sub-committee chairmen who will take care of the wants of the visiting Elk bowlers. The following members of Cleveland Lodge were selected as the sub-committee chairmen:

Local Entry.....H. K. Ferry
Schedule.....John Ackerman
Transportation.....William Morris
Hotel Accommodation.....Harry Dean
Reception..Exalted Ruler Dr. H. H. Prentice
Entertainment.....Frank W. Baker
Tournament and Alleys.....E. W. Linsz
Secretary and Treasurer...Secretary William F. Bruning

Only members of the Order of Elks in good standing are allowed to compete in the National Event and all Elk bowlers are required to show their membership card prior to the start of their bowling.

The cash prize list for the tournament is divided into two classes, regular and good-fellowship, the first going to scores of merit, while the goodfellowship prizes are drawn from all that do not participate in the regular prizes.

Nine (9) Diamond Medals will be distributed to the champions in the different events.

Application is being made for reduced fare rates for all Elk bowlers traveling by railroad to the tournament city.

Officers of the Elks' Bowling Association of America are: Joseph M. Vlacich, Cicero, Ill., President; and Harry F. Gottron, Fremont, Ohio; Frank G. Mitzel, Detroit; Dave Wells, Louisville, Ky.; S. A. Hanson, Oak Park, Ill.; Phil Birkenhauer, Toledo, Ohio; and Charles A. Reading, Chicago, Ill.; Vice-Presidents. John J. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis., is the Secretary-Treasurer. Bowling Committees and Elk bowlers throughout the nation desiring any information pertaining to the tournament, may communicate with Secretary Gray, at 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

in use; the St. Joseph's Orphanage; and the Wishing Shrine.

At one o'clock a banquet was held at the Pioneer Hotel in honor of Mr. Rain, and at eight he attended the Memorial Services held in the Lodge room where he delivered the principal address of the evening.

Jacob Gunst, Chairman, Executive Committee, Arizona State Elks Hospital

Information Sought Concerning Edward Wernz

Information is sought by the Elks of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, concerning the whereabouts of Edward Wernz, of 82-19 St. James Avenue, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y. He has not been seen or heard from by his family since June 29, 1933. Edward Wernz is sixteen years of age, five feet seven inches tall, and weighs 135 pounds. He bears a scar on his right leg from knee to ankle, caused by a burn. His father, Edward Wernz, is a member of Queens Borough Lodge.

Anyone possessing information concerning the young man's whereabouts will confer a great service upon his family by communicating with Edward Wernz, of 82-19 St. James Avenue, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y., or Secretary James D. Moran, of Queens Borough Lodge, Queens Boulevard, Elmhurst, L. I., New York.

Mattoon, Ill., Lodge Forging Ahead

After several years of comparative inactivity, Mattoon, Ill., Lodge, No. 495, under the leadership of Exalted Ruler H. C. Hardy, is making rapid strides to the front rank of Illinois Lodges. During the past two months ten new candidates have been initiated and thirty-one others have been reinstated.

Mattoon Lodge played host recently on the occasion of a large district meeting, when over one hundred guests were present at an elaborate chicken dinner, after which a meeting was held. The Degree Team of Urbana, Ill., Lodge, No. 991, performed the ritualistic work in initiating eight candidates, and Judge Frank B. Leonard, of Champaign Lodge, No. 398, District Deputy for Illinois Southeast, making his official visit to Mattoon Lodge on that evening, spoke at some length.

A week later Mattoon Elks formed the largest delegation attending another similar district affair at Champaign Lodge, and a short time after that, had a large representation at the District Deputy's official visit to Effingham Lodge, No. 1016.

The most ambitious social affair so far held by Mattoon Lodge this year was the New Year's Eve Party held for Elks and their friends. The Lodge rooms were cleverly decorated to resemble a Manhattan night club. About one hundred couples attended.

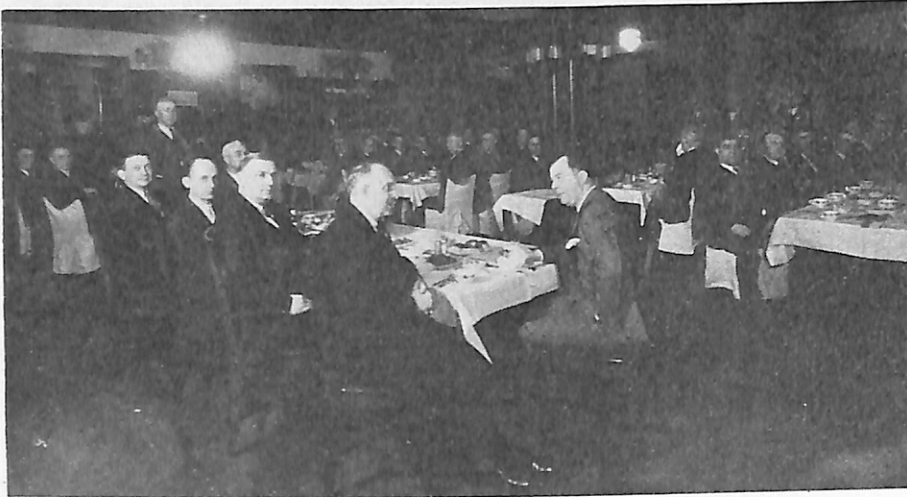
John S. Bowman, Correspondent



Mr. and Mrs. Travis celebrating their 71st wedding anniversary surrounded by members of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge. Mr. Travis is a member

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



Left to right: Maurice P. Breene, King Gilliland, Past District Deputies James B. Borland and James G. Bohlender, Herbert L. Beatty and Past Exalted Ruler Frank R. Proudfoot honored by Franklin, Pa. Lodge dinner

Crippled Children's Work of Haverstraw Lodge Progressing

As a result of its crippled children's work undertaken less than a year ago at the suggestion of Past Exalted Ruler and Past State President James A. Farley, Postmaster General of the United States, Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, is receiving community cooperation that is thoroughly gratifying. More than fifty Rockland County crippled children are on the Elks-Rotary Club list and are being visited regularly by the Committee Nurse, Miss Gleason, through whose efforts one boy is taking vocational training in New York City.

Miss Gleason recently managed a card party in the Home of Haverstraw Lodge which was attended by six hundred players, and which netted more than five hundred dollars for the Crippled Children's Fund.

In the meantime, one of the Lodge's new members, who was initiated with a class of twenty-five, tendered the use of a large motion picture theatre in Nyack, N. Y., for a benefit performance for the Fund. He is the Manager of the theatre. The Committee in charge of this new activity of Haverstraw Lodge, the Crippled Children's Committee, is headed by Past District Deputy Clarence J. Seaton as Chairman.

Chester A. Heitman, Exalted Ruler

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Bond-Burning and Anniversary

Two memorable events were celebrated by Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, a short time ago at a dinner attended by two hundred Elks—the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Lodge and the burning of the outstanding bonds, totaling \$11,850, whereby the Lodge Home mortgage was cancelled, freeing the Lodge of all indebtedness. The affair turned out to be more in the nature of an Old Timers' night, those present including many of the older members who were greeted by the younger Elks. This party was one of the happiest celebrations Plainfield Lodge has ever enjoyed.

The distinguished guests at the affair included Charles Wibiraliski, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Past State Presidents Francis P. Boland and John H. Cose; District Deputy Frank L. Ten Broeck; and State Senator Charles E. Loi-

zeaux. A number of the exalted rulers of neighboring Lodges were also present.

The Lodge room was attractively decorated with red, white and blue bunting and the Elk colors, making the scene festive for the entertainment, which comprised songs, dances and comedy sketches by the Elks Quartet from Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, and several other novelty and specialty acts.

There were many addresses delivered by the distinguished Lodge members and the visiting Elks, all of which were received with a marked show of interest and appreciation on the part of the Plainfield Elks. The evening was a complete success in every way, and Plainfield Lodge regrets it has no more bonds to burn and no more Thirtieth Anniversaries to celebrate!

South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Shaw

John M. Shaw, District Deputy for Pennsylvania Southwest, recently paid his official visit to his home Lodge, South Brownsville, No. 1344. About one hundred and twenty-five members of the Lodge were present, in addition to some hundred-odd visiting Elks representing 19 of the 21 Lodges in the Pennsylvania Southwest District and several in the Central District. A feature of the program presented by South Brownsville Lodge was an initiation ceremony performed for a class of four candidates. The exemplification of the ritual was excellently given.

The members of South Brownsville Lodge presented their District Deputy with a gold wrist watch, suitably engraved, in token of his services and of the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow members. The Elks of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, also presented Mr. Shaw with a purse.

Several speeches were made by visitors, among them being remarks addressed by William D. Hancher, of Washington-Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Past State President John F. Nugent, of Braddock Lodge, No. 883; and Past District Deputy James M. Kelly, of Sheraden Lodge, No. 949. During the meeting the ladies of the visiting members were entertained by the Lodge. After the session a delicious dinner was served.

Death Claims Treasurer of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge

Funeral services were held recently for Thomas F. Hartmann, Treasurer of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, by his fellow members. Mr. Hartmann, who was seventy-nine years of age, and who had been Treasurer for ten years, died of a heart attack in his office at the Pittsburgh Lodge Home. His passing came as a severe shock to Pennsylvania Elks. Mr. Hartmann, owner of the Lemington Dairy, was active in the community and civic development of the East End of Pittsburgh. He was a member of the Common Council of the City in the late Nineties.

Augustus Miller

Norfolk, Va., Lodge Holds Oyster Roast

The Elks of Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, recently held open house to all the Elks in Tidewater. The party was described as a "glorified oyster feast," the oysters being prepared in every known way, and the guests only having to wish for them before getting them.

For the benefit of those who were not deeply interested in oysters there was on hand a magnificent supply of turkey and, of course—in the Old Virginia tradition—plates of Smithfield ham. Admission to the oyster-turkey-Virginia-tradition roast was by membership card only.

J. J. Madden

Frederick, Md., Lodge Initiates Candidates

Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, recently initiated a class of eight candidates into the Order. They were among the foremost citizens of the City, and the Frederick Elks were highly gratified with the presence of their names on the membership rolls. Membership in Frederick Lodge is perceptibly on the increase. A new class of candidates was about to be initiated into the Lodge as this news item was written.

Alfred W. Gaver, Past Exalted Ruler

Cumberland, Md., Lodge Loses Past Exalted Ruler

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, lost one of its most valued members recently in the death of Past Exalted Ruler Dr. Homer B. Walker. Dr. Walker, who died on Christmas Night at eleven o'clock, was born in Meyersdale, Pa., in 1890. He was initiated into Cumberland Lodge in 1918, and served as Exalted Ruler for two terms—1931-32 and 1932-33. He held the position of Trustee at the time of his death.

The Doctor was most active in other fraternal organizations and civic bodies as well as in the Order of Elks, and his death has come as a severe blow to the City. Up to the time of his death Dr. Walker practiced medicine and surgery with great ability. He was a graduate of the University of Vermont and was affiliated with many medical associations.

In July, 1933, Dr. Walker attended the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee, and he will be remembered by members of the Grand Lodge for his genial disposition and imposing presence. He enjoyed a large acquaintance throughout Maryland as was made evident on the day of his funeral, when representatives of the City, County and State, and of many corporations, were present to pay their homage. The services were in charge of Cumberland Lodge.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Member, Ill, Writes Book

Though helplessly crippled and almost totally blind, Richard James Cubby, a member of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, has found comfort in penning those philosophies engendered by suffering and adversity. From his bed in St. Joseph's Hospital, he put his thoughts on paper, and finally produced a little blue-covered book entitled "Destitute Dick's Philosophy of Life."

It is jammed full of the philosophies of the Paterson Lodge of Elks, and has met with high commendation from various sources. Anyone desiring a copy of Mr. Cubby's book can procure it at a nominal cost from Secretary Robert Worsley, 151 Ellison Street, Paterson, N. J.

John V. Campana, Esteemed Loyal Knight

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Sponsors New Glee Club

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, not long ago organized a Glee Club. At its first meeting twenty-five members were present. At each succeeding meeting one or two members were added. It is the desire of the officers to enroll every member of the Lodge who is musically inclined in the unit. Several years ago Williamsport Lodge had a Glee Club that was known throughout the State for its splendid singing and varied repertoire, and it is the present aim to infuse the current organization with the same sort of voices.

With a band of more than forty pieces and a Glee Club of more than fifty voices, Williamsport Lodge is looking forward to appearing once more on the musical map. Certainly two such excellent units will develop considerable good will and encourage an increase in membership by attracting the young men of the City.

At the Williamsport Antlers Lodge recently an annual dance and party was held. Approximately two hundred and fifty persons were present. The Antlers Club Orchestra arranged a special program for the occasion. The lunch that was served aroused great enthusiasm and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

An event that was held by Williamsport Lodge recently aroused much interest. It was "Candidates Night," when the members of No. 173 were hosts to candidates seeking office in the City and County. At least two hundred persons were present. Secretary David M. Gerry and his Williamsport Lodge Orchestra played during the evening and the ovation they received showed them to be indeed popular. A buffet lunch was served.

William V. Welker, Correspondent

The Orange, N. J., Lodges Sponsor Fighting Irish in Charity Game

The Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, a little older and a trifle less spry than they were in the days when as undergraduates they were winning successive national championships under the directing genius of the late Knute Rockne, faced the powerful Orange, N. J., Tornadoes at the Knights of Columbus Stadium, in Orange recently. The Irish lost, 20-6.

The game was sponsored by the Elks of South Orange Lodge, No. 1154, and West Orange Lodge, No. 1590, for the benefit of their combined Crippled Children's Fund. At the time of writing, when advance sales returns were made, a net of \$2,500 for each of the Lodges' Crippled Children's Funds was the financial result anticipated. The total attendance at the game was announced as 10,421, of whom 316 were children. Besides the proceeds of the game itself, the two Lodges received fifty percent. of the program gross, all of which goes into the Funds.

The Knights of Columbus Stadium stands were crowded when Hughie Devore of Newark, who captained the Notre Dame eleven in its thrilling victory over Army, kicked off, and the crowd was in a genial humor when the second quarter ended with the Orange Tornadoes leading 13-0.

Between the halves the Elks put on their program, which was opened by Chairman William B. Curtiss, of the Crippled Children's Committee and Joint Committee of the Oranges. He thanked the two teams and the spectators on behalf of the Lodges for their cooperation in making the occasion a financial success. After his address he introduced Past Exalted Ruler Henry P. Reardon, of South Orange Lodge, who acted as master of ceremonies.

Following the invocation, District Deputy Vincent J. Kane addressed the throng and his speech was followed by that of Exalted Ruler Andrew H. Owen of West Orange Lodge. After singing Auld Lang Syne the crowd settled back in their seats and as twilight slipped softly over the field, watched the orange jersied warriors, so aptly termed the Tornadoes, complete the day's excitement by showing the highly-vaunted Notre Dame veterans what it was all about.

There is no doubt where the sympathies of the 10,500 persons were directed. Though the fans came to the game because they knew the Crippled Children's Funds of the South and West Orange Elks would benefit, they also came to see their old heroes perform, with the memory of the 1933 Army-Notre Dame game still fresh in their minds.

When the veterans scored their one touchdown in the third period, through the spinning, twisting, eel-like running of Marty Brill in a twenty-yard dash through center, the stands went wild. Not even the home town boys, the Oranges' local talent, could erase the reverence inspired by the former All-Americans, and the crowds were sad to see them lose against youth.

William B. Curtiss, Chairman Crippled Children's Committee

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Wilson

During the past few weeks the members of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, have been working for the Lodge with renewed vigor. As a result there has been a noticeable increase in meeting attendance, and a decided improvement in Lodge interest.

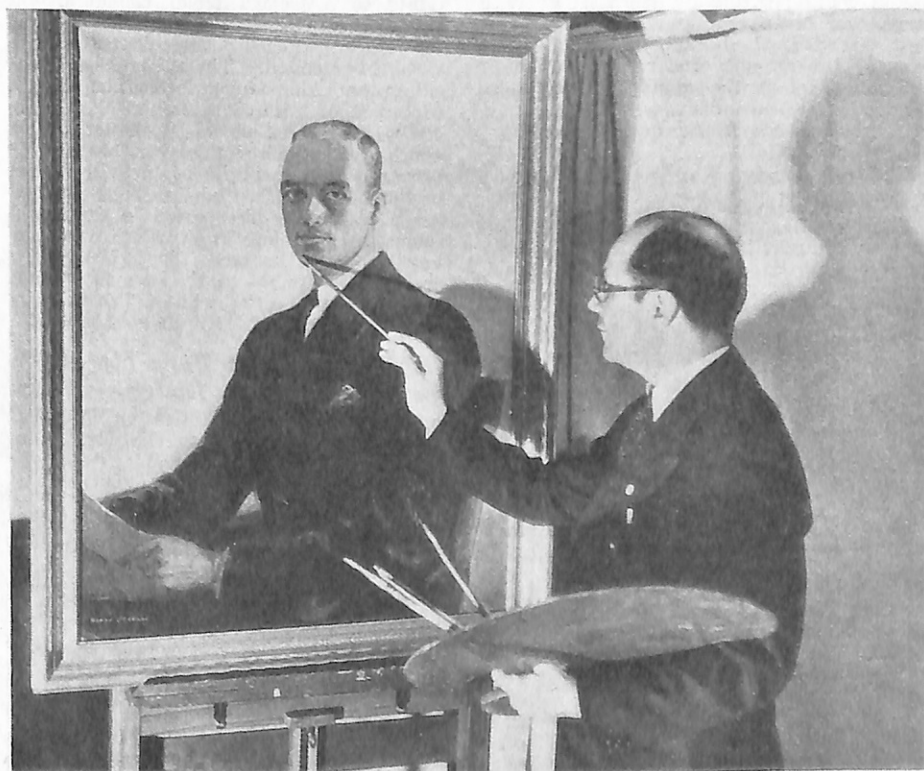
Not long ago District Deputy Walter B. Wilson, of Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482, paid his official visit to Sistersville Lodge. A very impressive initiation ceremony was performed for his benefit, with the Uniformed Degree Team of No. 333 conferring the ritualistic work on six candidates. Afterward Mr. Wilson delivered an interesting talk to the assembled Elks. Each of the initiates spoke briefly, promising support to the Order and expressing appreciation of the compliment paid him in being invited into the Lodge.

After the meeting the members retired to the dining room where a large chicken dinner was served to approximately one hundred diners. A rousing vote of thanks was given by the seated Elks to the Lodge cooks who had prepared so fine a meal. It was also agreed by the membership that the visit of District Deputy Wilson and his fine address during the Lodge meeting had had an encouraging effect on all of them.

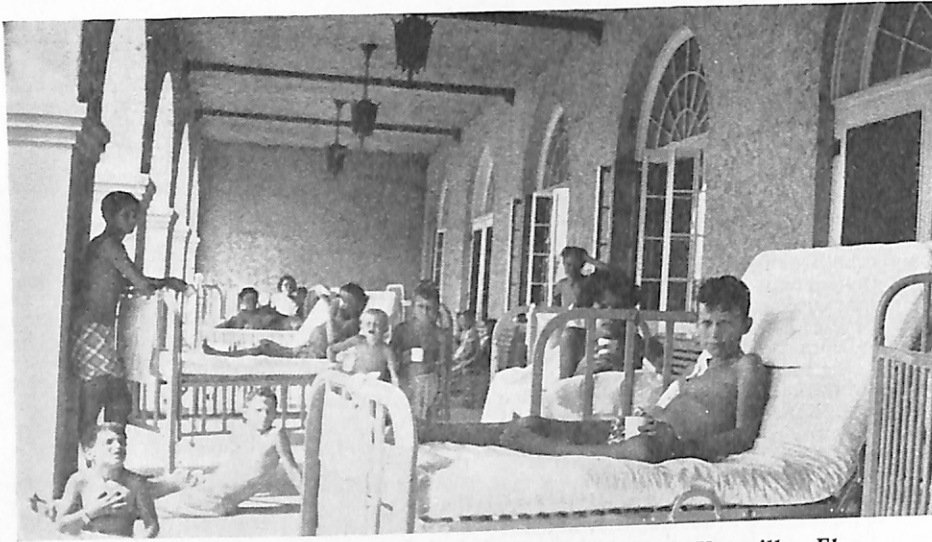
Arthur L. Starkey, Correspondent

Five Members Honored by Franklin, Pa., Lodge

Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, in providing a turkey dinner for the membership, recently honored five of their number who were to be sworn into office on the following Monday as city and county officials. With one hundred members present, the dinner took place in the banquet hall of the Lodge Home. It was one of the most interesting occasions of the kind ever held by No. 110, and a fitting tribute and vote of confidence in the fortunate officers-elect.



Above is the portrait of James Roosevelt, painted by Henry O'Connor, a member of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge and presented to Mr. Roosevelt on the night of his initiation into Cambridge Lodge. State Treasurer James F. Hurley made the presentation



Crippled children at the Harry-Anna Home at Umatilla, Fla.

Those honored were District Attorney-Elect Maurice P. Breene; Coroner-elect Dr. J. Irwin Zerbe; Sheriff-elect Herbert L. Beatty; Mayor-elect James G. Bohlender; and King Gilliland, who succeeds himself to a four-year term on the City Council.

Past Exalted Ruler Frank R. Proudfoot acted as the genial toastmaster of the occasion, and a program of brief addresses by each of the honored guests followed a half hour of melody provided by the Elks orchestra. Exalted Ruler F. Chester Moyer voiced the feeling of those present that it was a happy and auspicious occasion, and thereupon introduced as one of the most distinguished Elks in the country and the father of Franklin Lodge, James B. Borland.

Mr. Borland is the oldest living Past District Deputy of Pennsylvania, having served two years under Past Grand Exalted Ruler Simon Quinlin before the State of Pennsylvania was districted, and one year under Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin B. Hay, who, at the request of Mr. Borland before he would accept the appointment, divided the State into two districts.

Frank L. Bensinger, Secretary

Milford, Mass., Lodge Has Happy Birthday Celebration

Shortly after the appointed hour, more than one hundred members and guests were gathered in the Home of Milford, Mass., Lodge, No. 628, to attend the entertainment marking the thirty-third Anniversary of the Lodge. The gathering, which took the form of an old-fashioned stag party, marched to the banquet hall where a turkey dinner was served in a competent manner. At the conclusion of the dinner cigars were lighted and the post-prandial exercises began.

Past Exalted Ruler W. D. Leahy as Toastmaster spoke to the gathering and then introduced Charles A. Forster, whose pleasure it was to present the Lodge with a handsome indoor baseball board, the gift of the Lodge baseball team. District Deputy Fred H. Scholl spoke next, conveying the Grand Exalted Ruler's good wishes, and thanking the Lodge for inviting him to the affair.

Others who spoke were Past District Deputy William J. Moore, who delivered a fine address concerning the charitable activities of the Order at large; George H. Lochman, Past Exalted Ruler of Winchester Lodge; J. Alexander Donoghue of Worcester Lodge; William R. Summers of Upton, American League baseball umpire, who gave many anecdotes of his umpiring career; Attorney A. B. Cenedella and several others. William F. Rogers of Medway contributed stories

and a recitation. Trustee Philip Cenedella spoke briefly and Franklin Collier, newspaper cartoonist, provided a unique program of cartoon drawings.

During supper and afterward delightful musical selections were rendered by Cervone's Orchestra. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was impressively delivered by District Deputy Scholl.

Samuel E. D. Hartshorn, Esteemed Lecturing Knight.

Rochester, N. H., Lodge Conducts Membership Drive

Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, has formed the paid-up members of the Lodge into two teams for the purpose of contacting every other member who is six months or more in arrears of his dues, procuring new members and inviting dropped members to become reinstated. The two teams are captained by Esteemed Loyal Knight George Sanfaceon and Frank H. Shaw. At the end of the contest, for each dollar collected, a point is to be credited. There has been much enthusiasm evinced over the scheme and the contest is an assured success.

The Emblem Club of Rochester Lodge, which was organized this year, has already proven that it will be of great assistance to the Lodge. The Club has been conducting a series of whist parties in the Lodge rooms, the earnings from which were devoted to food baskets. The whist parties are being continued at the time of writing, and further charities will be benefited by them. *Frank H. Shaw, Correspondent*

Big Bad Wolves Turn Up at Grafton, W. Va., Lodge

Several members of Grafton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 308, not long ago became infected with an unconquerable desire for roast pig. Among them was Tiler W. P. Clark, whose convenient recollection of an impending birthday provided the pig-lovers with the date they needed. Immediately a Committee was appointed to make arrangements, and soon a family of sixteen young pigs was located.

For six weeks all the spare time of the Committee was dedicated to investigation of the pigs' background, and observation of their habits of growth and corn consumption. Eventually, after heated dispute on the part of the Committee, two porcine candidates to the banquet—tender morsels both—were selected to grace the festive birthday board in company with the traditional red apple and sprig of celery.

When the time arrived the eating of the pigs had become a social affair of no mean

proportions, what with Elks from several neighboring Lodges helping to swell the already large attendance. Exalted Ruler John H. Bradford made a host to whom even the long-suffering pigs could not object, while Toastmaster O. E. Wyckoff toasted everything in sight. The pig roast was a howling success. Even Secretary Simon J. Friedman admitted that the pigs looked good. *E. W. Doll, Correspondent*

District Deputy Greeted by Leominster, Mass., Lodge

District Deputy James A. Bresnahan, of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, and a suite of fifty Elks recently paid a visit to Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237. There were present at the meeting the imposing number of fifty Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers to greet him. The District Deputy was plied with refreshments and entertained with several amusing performances of one sort and another until eleven o'clock. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by Mr. Bresnahan. Later a social session held sway until midnight.

Milo H. Bemis, Correspondent

Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge Receives District Deputy

Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, recently had the pleasure of a visit from District Deputy Theodore Kalbfleisch, Jr., of Glens Falls, Lodge, No. 81, and State Vice-President A. C. Brownell of Hoosick Falls Lodge, No. 178. Delegations were present at the Lodge meeting from Saratoga, Glens Falls, Watervliet, Hudson and Schenectady Lodges. The guests were introduced at a steak dinner in the dining room of the Amsterdam Lodge home.

Charles H. Schenck, Treasurer

Connecticut Elks Mourn Past District Deputy Hayes

Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, and the Order at large suffered a distinct loss in the recent death of Past District Deputy James Patrick Hayes, a pioneer member of Norwich Lodge and one of the best known and most admired Elks in the State of Connecticut. He succumbed to a sudden and brief attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Hayes was one of the early members of Norwich Lodge, and was acclaimed a tireless worker for the Lodge and for the Order as a whole. He ardently advocated the purchase of the old Osgood Homestead as a Home for Norwich Lodge and, after its purchase, assisted materially in transforming the old place into one of the most complete and attractive Lodges in Connecticut.

In 1914 Mr. Hayes was elected Exalted Ruler of Norwich Lodge, and in 1919 he was appointed District Deputy for Connecticut. He was the last District Deputy to cover the entire State, and as such he visited every Elk Lodge in Connecticut. He attended the National Conventions of the Grand Lodge several times, once as a delegate of No. 430, and more than once in a private capacity. In addition Mr. Hayes was also a Past President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut.

Gifted with a fluent flow of words and an exceptionally fine manner of delivery, Past District Deputy Hayes was in constant demand as a speaker at Elk functions throughout the State, and it was considered a great pleasure to hear him deliver the Eleven O'Clock Toast. In recognition of his services to the Order, Norwich Lodge honored Mr. Hayes in the early part of 1933 with a celebration called "Hayes Night," at which time the distinguished Elk was presented with an honorary life membership in the Lodge.

James V. Pedace, Correspondent

Kansas City's Grand Lodge Convention Committee is Incorporated

IN preparation for the 1934 Convention of the Grand Lodge, which will be held in Kansas City, Mo., July 15-19, the Kansas City 1934 Convention Committee, Inc., has been organized with W. H. Piatt, President; Dwight Roberts, Vice-President; William Symon, Secretary, and Lester Siegal, Treasurer. The Committee was incorporated with a capital stock of \$2,000, with nine members as stockholders. The Committee will have charge of financial matters and of the management of the Convention.

One of the interesting features of the Convention will be a visit to the William

Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, which is ranked by critics as one of the finest and most modern galleries in the country. In the building are gathered art treasures from all parts of the world, made possible by bequests of the late Colonel Nelson, and by subsequent gifts of his heirs totalling fifteen millions of dollars.

Works of the masters are displayed in perfect settings, for there are a great many small rooms, each dedicated to a mood or an epoch. Enormous tapestries, formerly in the collection of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, representing the myth of Phaeton, are

on display. The Portrait of the Artist's Mother, by Whistler, and loaned to the gallery by the Louvre, occupies the place of honor. One of the most famous seascapes ever painted in America, Winslow Homer's "Watching the Breakers," is hung in the gallery.

These are only a few of the hundreds of masterpieces, of splendid examples of art and beauty, which are housed in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art. The depression enabled the gallery to buy for \$4,000,000 old masters which were priced at \$10,000,000 when originally sought.

Hugo Roos, Convention Correspondent

The Antlers of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

THE Antlers of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is a national junior organization embracing over fifty Lodges. Any white boy between the ages of 15 and 21 years, of sound mind and body, of good character and who believes in the existence of a Supreme Being, may apply for membership. Relationship to an Elk is not required. Love of parents, home and friends; reverence for womanhood; the exemplification of truth, morality and fair play, and respect for organized government, are among its cardinal principles.

The organization functions as does any Lodge, meetings being held in the Lodge room of the sponsors. Each Lodge is self-governing and acts under the guidance of an Antlers Advisory Council.

Activities include those that are not only purely Lodge in character but participation in civic and patriotic activities, together with a full program of social functions. Antlers laws provide for the proper annual observance of Mother's Day, Father's Day, Constitution Day and Patriots' Day. Dramatics, debating, bands, orchestras, ath-

letic teams, drill teams and glee clubs are supported. Lectures on timely subjects are arranged. Opportunity is provided the members to become acquainted with courts, legislative bodies and public officials so that they may become familiar with the manner in which governmental activities are performed.

The Antlers idea is not entirely unselfish. It is hoped that many of the boys, trained in the ideals underlying Elksdom, may later become Elks. This is especially true since the new provision relative to the waiver of the initiation fee in favor of Antlers has become effective. Almost 500 former Antlers are now Elks, some of them being Lodge officers.

Antlerism affords an opportunity for pleasant and profitable service to yourselves and your Order. A junior organization whose members may meet their big brothers on a common ground provides a certain solvent to the barriers often existing between youth and maturity.

Bring the matter of The Antlers before your Lodge; consider and discuss the ques-

tion from all angles. Ask yourselves this question: "What can we lose by instituting a Lodge of Antlers?" The answer is: "Nothing, but we stand to gain much." After discussion, take steps to organize in accordance with suggestions contained in the manual which will be furnished upon request. Induce your members to bring to the preliminary meeting all eligible boys and their acquaintances, keeping in mind that none need be related to an Elk.

If you believe in the future of America and are interested in the welfare of our Order you will of necessity be interested in the Antlers. An investment in American boyhood is "preferred" and will return steady dividends. Remember: Antlers make Elks, and the Antler-Elk is a trained Elk. Today, more than ever, do we need the strength and fine enthusiasm of youth!

For more complete information on Antlerism communicate with C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council. His address is 405 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office

LOS ANGELES, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, has the honor to announce that at the meeting of the Grand Lodge, to be held in Kansas City, Missouri, in July, 1934, it will present its Past Exalted Ruler, Michael F. Shannon, for Grand Exalted Ruler for the Grand Lodge year 1934-35.

The record of service of Brother Michael F. Shannon in our Order extends over a period of twenty-four years and covers those wonderful years when Elksdom made its greatest advancement and assumed its proud leadership among the fraternal associations of the country.

He was born in Los Angeles, California, on July 28th, 1887.

He was initiated as a member of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, on the 6th day of October, 1909, and during the triumphal march of California Elksdom throughout the succeeding years, he has ever been the militant leader, holding high the banner of Elksdom. Keen, brilliant of speech, affable, of charming personality, he has endeared himself to the rank and file of Elksdom and the

leaders of our Order regard him with affection.

After serving Los Angeles Lodge as Esquire in 1910, as Lecturing Knight in 1911, as Loyal Knight in 1912, and as Leading Knight in 1913, he was elected Exalted Ruler and served as such in 1914-15. His year was one of the most successful and outstanding in the history of Los Angeles Lodge.

He was elected an honorary life member of Los Angeles Lodge in March, 1916.

He served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the South Central District of California under Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell in 1918-19. He served as Grand Esquire under Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott in 1920-21. He served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary from 1921 to 1926. He was appointed a Justice of the Grand Forum by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp in 1931 and has served on this, the Supreme Court of our Order, from then to the present time.

Since the organization of the California

Elks Association in 1931, he has actively participated in all of its proceedings and his enthusiasm and judgment has been one of the principal factors in the success and standing of the Association in Elksdom.

In this short space it is impossible to recount all of the activities of Brother Shannon as one of the civic leaders of Los Angeles, of his service to the State as Assistant District Attorney for Los Angeles County, or the responsibilities he assumed during the three Grand Lodge Conventions which have met in Los Angeles, but there has never been a service too slight nor a task too great which he has not willingly undertaken for the good of Elksdom.

Brother Shannon is a lawyer by profession. He graduated from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor in 1909.

He has a charming family consisting of wife, two daughters and a son.

Because of his life of service and accomplishment for our Order, we submit his candidacy for your fraternal consideration.



Grand Exalted Ruler Meier photographed during his visit to Longview, Wash.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ON the morning of October 17, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley left for Sanford, in a car driven by Past District Deputy Ayer. They were met on the outskirts of Sanford, Maine, and escorted to the Sanford City Club, where some thirty-odd members of Sanford Lodge No. 1470 had assembled to greet the distinguished guests. Both the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Malley spoke. Mr. Meier was presented with a pair of beautiful blankets manufactured in Sanford.

The visit at Sanford was necessarily short, as the Grand Exalted Ruler had to be off for Rochester, N. H., for a luncheon engagement with members of Rochester Lodge, No. 1393. Mr. Meier spoke here, and was presented with a handsome dressing gown by the members of Rochester Lodge.

LATE that afternoon Mr. Meier was driven to Alton Bay on Lake Winnepesaukee, where he was met by a delegation from Laconia, N. H., Lodge, No. 876, and escorted to Laconia to a banquet prepared in his honor. The only address of the evening was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler. After the banquet a Lodge meeting was held at which seven candidates were initiated into the Order. The ritual was splendidly exemplified.

At this meeting Mr. Meier received a handsome picture of Lake Winnepesaukee from Laconia Lodge, and a silver platter decorated with the special insignia of the Order and the seal of the State, from the New Hampshire State Elks Association. One of the things that most impressed the Grand Exalted Ruler on this occasion was the presence of a father with his four sons. Mr. Meier was also pleased with the fact that three members of Laconia Lodge made contributions to the Elks National Foundation, while another signified his intention of sending a check to Mr. Malley for the same purpose.

Many prominent members of the Order were present at the banquet, including the Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; J. Levi Meader, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Charles H. Bean, President of the New Hampshire State Elks Association; State Vice-Presidents F. E. Normandin and Carl A. Savage; State

Secretary-Treasurer John A. McInerney; Past President Frank J. Kelly; District Deputy James D. De Rocher; Past District Deputies John M. Guay and James A. Sayers; Grand Lodge Reporter Joseph T. Mellyn, and many Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Lodges throughout New England.

On the following day, October 18, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Franklin, N. H., Lodge, No. 1280, accompanied by State President Bean. After a short sightseeing tour the distinguished Elks arrived at the Lodge Home and were greeted by a sizable group of members. Mr. Meier was introduced by President Bean, and spoke at some length to the gathering. This visit of Mr. Meier was the first ever paid Franklin Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order.

Later in the day Grand Exalted Ruler Meier left Franklin and traveled to Claremont, N. H., where, at the Home of Claremont Lodge, No. 879, he met a group of members and later lunched with them at a tavern in the City. Besides Mr. Meier and Mr. Malley, the following prominent Elks were present: Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Bowers; John J. Cocklin, President of the Vermont State Elks Association, and Charles F. Mann, Past President of the Association.

ACCOMPANIED by a delegation from Springfield, Vt., Lodge, No. 1560, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Malley drove to Springfield. Here Mr. Meier broadcast for fifteen minutes over Station WNBX. He was introduced by Mr. Malley. This broadcast was the occasion of a half hour program put on by Springfield Lodge, with musical renditions by members of Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916.

In the evening a banquet was held at the Adnabrown Hotel, and Mr. Meier delivered what Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley declared was the best speech he had ever heard the Grand Exalted Ruler make. Mr. Malley also spoke. At the conclusion of the banquet Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was presented with a pair of beautifully carved marble book ends. Following the presentation the guests repaired to the Lodge Home, where refreshments were served and the Eleven O'Clock Toast given by Past President Mann.

The following Vermont Lodges were represented at the meeting: Bennington, Burlington, Brattleboro, Rutland, Spring-

field, Hartford and Montpelier, and Claremont, N. H., Lodge sent a delegation.

Present at this meeting were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Bowers; State President Cocklin; First State Vice-President Lawrence F. Edgerton; State Secretary John J. Mullen; Past Presidents Arthur E. Sherwin and Charles F. Mann; District Deputy William J. Lonergan; Past District Deputy William P. Hogan, and Leon I. Patten, who served as Assistant to the Grand Inner Guard in Milwaukee last summer. The visit of Mr. Meier was the first ever paid to Springfield Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order.

The next visit, on October 19, was to Rutland, Vt., Lodge, No. 345. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Malley were met five miles from the city by President Cocklin and members of the local Lodge and escorted into the City. The party proceeded directly to the Hotel Berwick, where luncheon was served. Mr. Meier was introduced to the gathering and both he and Mr. Malley spoke. The party then repaired to the Home of Rutland Lodge and a social session was enjoyed by everyone. Later the party was taken to a marble quarry where they examined the workings and the manner of removal of the marble from the quarry.

That evening Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, held its first "Nationality" meeting, a form of way-down-east-Yankee night, with the customary roast pig being served at the banquet. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier and his companion were guests of honor at the meeting and took the opportunity of speaking to the assembled Elks. This visit to Burlington Lodge temporarily closed the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits to New England.

FROM Burlington the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven by the Exalted Ruler and the Secretary of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, to Plattsburg. On the New York side of Lake Champlain the party was met by a police escort and conducted into the city where luncheon was enjoyed by the visitors and the officers of the Lodge.

In the evening a banquet was given in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor, attended by 150 members of the Order, at which Mr. Meier and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert spoke. Later, during a Lodge session, both addressed the membership again.

At the Plattsburg dinner and subsequent

session, the following distinguished members of the Order were among those present: Theodore Kalbfleisch, Jr., District Deputy; Patrick B. Brennan, Vice-President of the State Association; and Past District Deputies Leroy M. Kellas, Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., and Benjamin F. Feinberg.

On the following morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler left Plattsburg by automobile and traveled to the Home of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494. After visiting with the Exalted Ruler, the Secretary and a number of the Lodge officers and members, and inspecting the building and especially the Lodge rooms, the distinguished visitors journeyed on to Whitehall Lodge, No. 1491, where a short but exceedingly pleasant visit with the officers and members of the Lodge was completed before the Grand Exalted Ruler was forced by his schedule to hurry on to Glens Falls Lodge, No. 81. At Glens Falls Lodge an agreeable time was spent by all present and the Lodge regretted to see the national leader depart on the remainder of his trip through the State.

Saratoga Springs was the next goal of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Here the official party was received in the Home of Saratoga Lodge, No. 161, by an enthusiastic number of active and prominent officers and members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, District Deputy Kalbfleisch, and Past District Deputies Walter M. Stroup and E. A. McCaffrey.

The Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed to the full the pleasant social gathering at Saratoga Lodge and later, on a drive, showed interest in the developments around and about the City.

Upon leaving Saratoga the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, where a great banquet had been arranged in his honor. Following the banquet, an address of welcome and presentation was made by Justice C. J. Heffernan who, on behalf of Amsterdam Lodge, presented Mr. Meier with a beautiful rug manufactured in the City. Mr. Meier delivered the main address of the evening and Mr. Hulbert also spoke.

Among the distinguished members of the



Mr. Meier and Exalted Ruler Albert T. Shine, of Oakland, Calif., Lodge paying a visit to The Elks' Rest at the Mountain View Cemetery

Order present at the meeting were: State President Alonzo L. Waters; State Vice-President A. C. Brownell; State Trustee George W. Denton; District Deputy Kalbfleisch; Past State Vice-Presidents Dr. A. D. Youngs and Harry W. Bennett; and Past District Deputies Robert J. Walsh, Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., Dr. Leo W. Roohan and Edward A. McCaffrey.

Leaving Amsterdam on the following morning, the party proceeded to Oneonta where, in the Lodge room of Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312, a meeting of Past Exalted Rulers was held. Preceding this meeting luncheon was served. Among the prominent Elks in attendance in the Lodge Home on this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hul-

bert; State President Alonzo L. Waters; State Treasurer John T. Osowski; Vice-President Henry W. Honan; State Trustees John T. Lanigan and Dr. Francis H. Marx; District Deputy Frank R. Wassung; and Past District Deputies Lewis R. Dowd, L. W. Losie, Frank S. Powell, Frank G. Sherman and George Bogart, who was in office when Oneonta Lodge was instituted. Delegations were present from Norwich, Binghamton, Owego, Cortland, Corning, Middletown, Rome, Elmira and Bath, N. Y., Lodges.

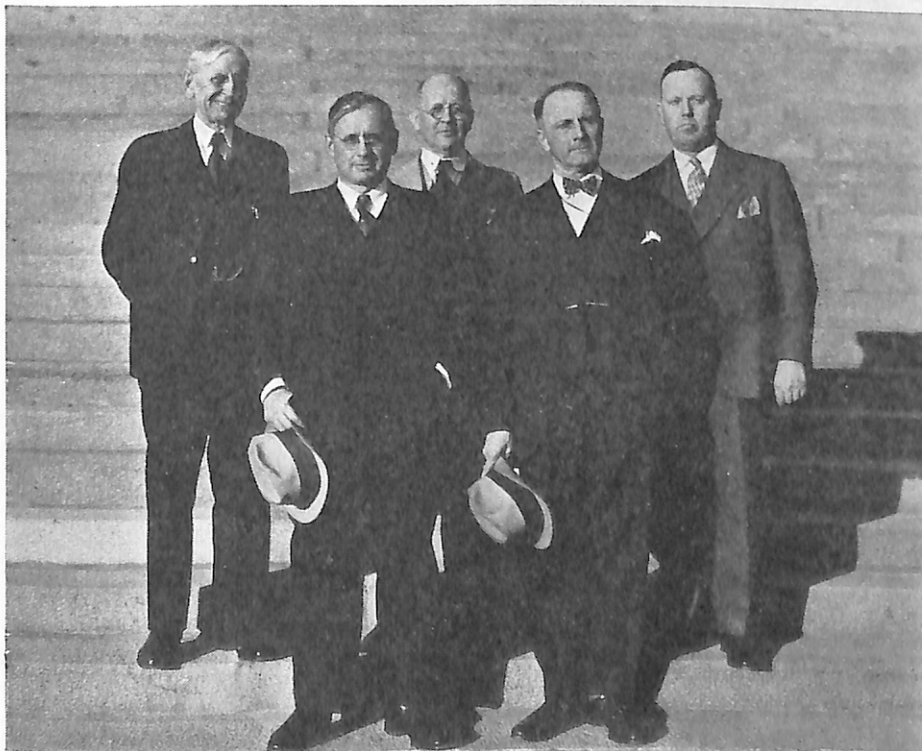
Following luncheon Mr. Meier delivered an address to the two-hundred-odd members of the Order present. Mr. Hulbert also spoke. After the addresses, the Past Exalted Rulers' Association met, and both Mr. Meier and Mr. Hulbert were pleased to address the organization.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's schedule next called for a visit to Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, where a bounteous banquet was served in his honor and that of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert. Immediately afterward a Lodge session that taxed the seating capacity of the Lodge room was held, with more than two hundred and fifty members in attendance. Here Mr. Meier delivered the principal address of the evening and Mr. Hulbert also spoke at some length. At the conclusion of the session Rome Lodge presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a remarkable beverage set consisting of a platter, pitcher and six goblets, all made of spun copper.

The following were some of the distinguished Elks present at both the banquet and the Lodge session afterward: Past Grand Tiler Henry Schocke; District Deputy John A. Wert; State President Waters; Past State Presidents George J. Winslow and James H. Mackin; and Past District Deputies Perl W. Devendorf, John T. Buckley and Grover C. Ingersoll.

On the day following the meeting at Rome Lodge, although Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert was obliged to return to New York City, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Alexandria Bay where he visited with a number of Elks residing there, and then came on to Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 496, in time for luncheon. During the afternoon Mr. Meier dedicated the new Home of Watertown Lodge before a representative attendance of members numbering more than one hundred and fifty. That eve-

(Continued on page 46)



Left to right: Frank Ryan, Secretary of State; Alfred M. Landon, Governor of Kansas; Exalted Ruler Dr. W. H. Lyman, of Topeka, Kans., Lodge; Mr. Meier, and District Deputy Stanley J. Shook, on the occasion of Mr. Meier's visit to Kansas



Bill Steele, a member of Helena, Mont., Lodge, enjoys the open country with his very fine team of sled dogs. Steele uses the dogs for his many forages into the surrounding mountains



Above: J. H. Nieset and R. S. Kilcorse of Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, with both hands filled with clawless lobsters. We thought all lobsters had claws until this snapshot arrived. In addition to the lobsters they brought home all the red snappers they could carry. Jos. W. Coffin, PDDGER, sent in this unusual photo

Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



Henry A. Nelson, H. N. Gauthier, L. N. Stice, T. V. Settle, and E. M. Canfield of Williston, N.D., Lodge, with a week-end bag of pheasants. Reports indicate that conditions in North Dakota are ideal for the raising of these popular game birds



Above: Arthur Griffith of Macon, Ga., Lodge, with a string of salt water fish that he caught in 2 hours and 40 minutes time at Tybee Island off the Georgia Coast. The catch consisted of croakers, shiners, trout, whiting and sheephead. They were all caught with rod and reel, and using nothing but shrimp for bait

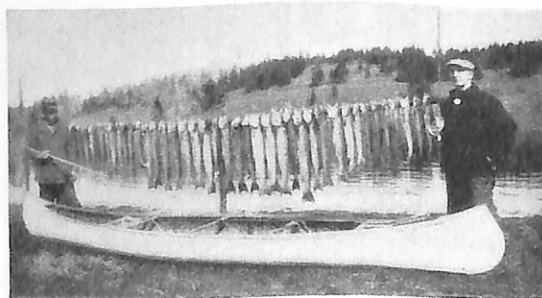
Below: Edward Reidy and Charlie Ryan of Winsted, Conn., Lodge, with Reidy's prize coon dog that treed nine coons in one night—a record for that section according to James L. Grady, Secretary of Winsted Lodge, who sent in the snapshot. The coons were all large in size and well furred



Below: Lieut. E. J. Barnes of the Shelton, Connecticut, Police Department and a member of Derby, Conn., Lodge, is shown on the right with a two-day catch of salmon and grilse taken from the Wiramichi River in New Brunswick. William Lyons, guide of Doak Town, N. B., is shown on the left



Above: Martin Fredricks, Roy V. Kopf and V. C. Mattei of Petaluma, Calif., Lodge, with a catch taken at Eel River in Humboldt County. The fish were all taken on a light rod and fly. The big one in the center weighed just twenty pounds



Below: Ray De Moss, PER, and Harry Winkley of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, with their fine last season's kill



Above: James L. Williams, J. W. Evans, Steven Appel and Rudolph Franck with a 250 lb. black bear and three bucks taken 123 miles from N. Y. C.

Below: "The hits and the Mrs.," says S. D. Martin of Ft. Dodge, Ia., Lodge—and sends in the proof of both

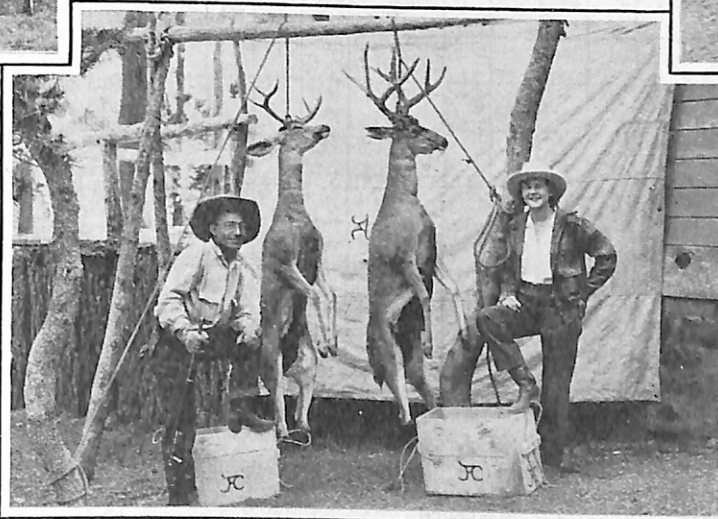


Answer to Last Month's Bird Dog Problem: Point on left—single bird; on right, covey point



Left: Earl Burcham of Caldwell, Ia., Lodge, demonstrating the easiest way of "taking a buck for a real 'ride'"

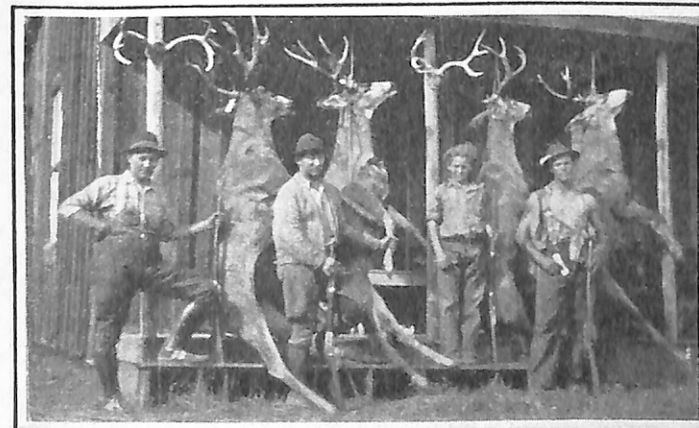
Above: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carr of Santa Monica, Calif., with deer taken near their private hunting cabin at Mammoth Lakes



Right: V. E. Se-mones of Mur-freesboro, Tenn., with his 250 lb. buck taken in Western Texas near the Mexican border



Elkdom Goes After Its Deer—and Gets Them



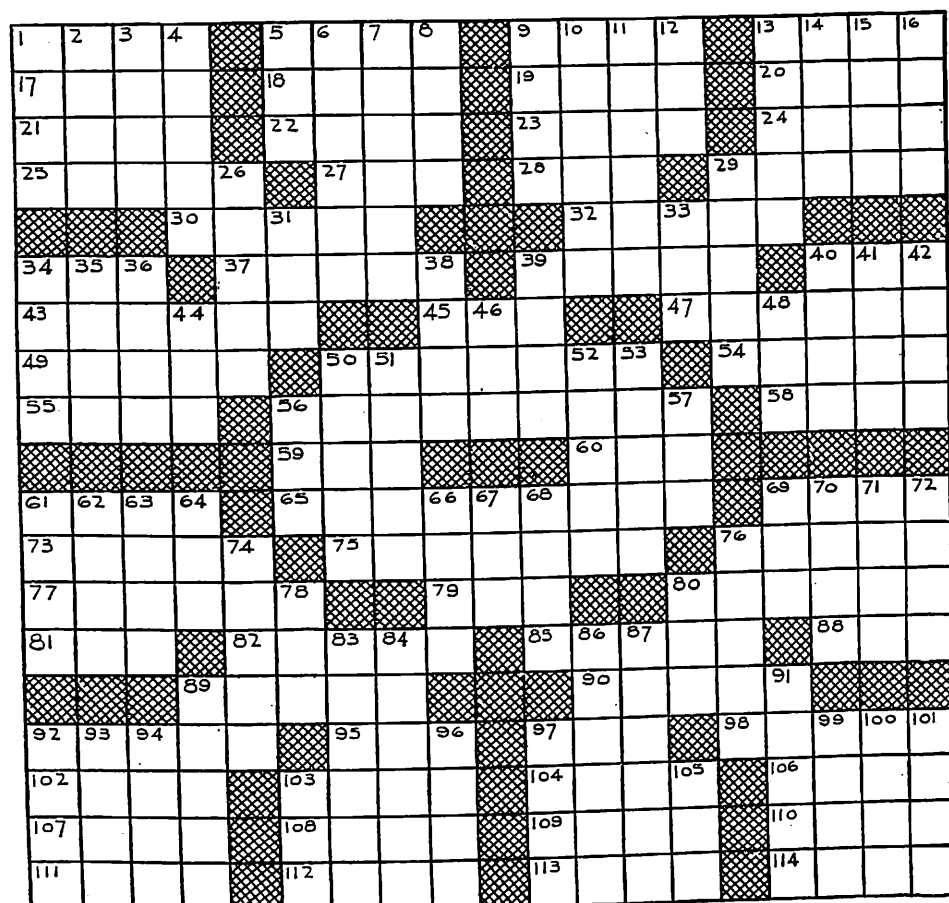
E. A. Holliday of Oregon City, Ore., with a party of friends bagged the above fine, big mule deer in the John Day country in Eastern Oregon. The snapshot was sent in by F. J. McAnulty, correspondent for Oregon City Lodge



Chris Wetzstein, J. K. Kennelly, Al Craychee and Frank Wetzstein with a bag taken at Wetzsteins' shooting lodge in the Missouri River bottoms near Mandan, N. D. The Wetzsteins supply meat at least once a year for the Elks

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—Partially
5—Assist
9—Unbleached
13—Enemies
17—Winglike
18—Old Teutonic symbol
19—Lowest part
20—Unoccupied
21—Wander
22—Closes
23—Real
24—Snout
25—Joins
27—Acquire
28—Drunkard
29—Guarded
30—A sculptured slab
32—Stair post
34—Linger
37—Prevent
39—Alleviated
40—An areola command
43—Irritate
45—A corded fabric
47—A common fruit
49—Uproar
50—Tales
54—Governor
55—Insects
56—Morsels

Down

- 58—Village
59—Wing
60—Consumed
61—Fled
65—Artist
69—Positive
73—Black and blue
75—Struggled
76—Rodent
77—Smoothed
79—Epoch
80—Grumble
81—Lair
82—Oral
85—Appraises
88—Before
89—Fed
90—Ceremonies
92—Whole
95—Steal
97—Obtained
98—Possessing savor
102—Above
103—Salary
104—Principle
106—Weed
107—Scarce
108—A slave
109—At sea
110—Greek god of love
111—Shade trees
112—Cozy retreat
113—Utmost
114—Fell

Down

- 1—Injury
2—A medicinal plant
3—Wash
4—Harasses
5—Existing
6—Botch
7—To hold dear
8—Trial
9—Newts
10—Crown
11—Courses
12—Shoshonean Indian
13—Last
14—Smell
15—Otherwise
16—Source
26—A scaffold
29—A pinaceous tree
31—Wife of Adam
33—Entangle
34—River in Siberia
35—Soon
36—Courage
38—Pace
39—An epos
40—An areola
41—Afresh
42—Caution
44—Dolt
46—Silkworm
48—A fruit
50—Auctions
51—Region
52—Puff up
53—Surgical thread used to form an issue
56—Cushion
57—Weight of India
61—Vanished
62—Reside
63—Level
64—Triumph
66—Verbal
67—Outfit
68—Affirm
69—Earthenware
70—A stringed instrument
71—Employer
72—Withered
74—Demon
76—Meditates
78—Put on
80—United
83—Bright cherry-red
84—Decorates
86—Excite
87—Appellations
89—Challenges
91—Surfeits
92—Ripped
93—Elliptical
94—Word
96—A vegetable
97—Seize
99—Kind of rubber
100—Strength
101—A pulpit
103—Female fowl
105—Corrode

Fighter's Feud

(Continued from page 12)

Denny was no longer smiling. His face was a mask intent upon Crawford's distorted face. The full surge of confidence possessed him, the assurance of success. He was again master, as he had always been. Mind and body were one weapon, indivisible, launched upon his opponent. In the remote part of his thought ran the sweet stream of victory, bearing the reward, the money he needed to make Nora and his son secure.

He staggered Crawford with a straight right and went in fast smashing the exposed body until Joe's knee came up in spasmodic reflex. Joe hung on, his wet, bloody face pressed desperately upon Denny's chest. The referee slapped their shoulders but Crawford refused to break. The bell rang, and Joe swayed, one arm raised in bewilderment seeking for direction. The crowd was roaring for the kill. Denny thought exaltedly, "Next round! Next round!"

Jake Parker, in the press row, leaned back chuckling.

"It's like a fairy tale," he thought, "honest."

It was a wow of a climax to a story he had never hoped to see explained or finished. This didn't explain it, of course, but it was a proper last chapter, even if the mystery remained unsolved. And was there really a mystery? Might it not be one of those unreasonable happenings that originate meaninglessly in the obscurity of the human heart?

Jake had never been able to decide. Still, with or without motive, the hatred of Joe Crawford for Denny Harper and the resulting feud was no press-agent ballyhoo, concocted for the always gullible public. The hatred was real; the feud had created a legend. It was a fantastic legend, threaded with grotesque comedy. For almost five years it had supplied sports writers with humorous copy. But Jake had never been able to think of it as being altogether humorous.

At first no one had given any attention to the savage young fighter who had pounded his way through all the tough boys in the small clubs and begun to challenge Denny Harper. It appeared like the conventional bid for publicity and it seemed ridiculous to match him with the suave and brilliant Harper, rising fight by fight to the top of the middle-weights. Then it was realized that Crawford's wild demands concealed a bitter determination. The bout was signed by promoters who recognized the value of a real "natural." Then the week before the fight, Joe, leaping from the training ring, fell and broke his arm. The anticipation dissolved in laughter. The idea of a fighter falling out of the ring was ludicrous. But not to Jake. Not after he had seen Crawford while Joe sat, his arm in a plaster cast during the fifteen rounds that Denny gave Sailor O'Hara a boxing lesson. The sight of Crawford's smouldering, blasted face, as he watched another fighter in the ring where he should have been made Jake feel queer, uneasy.

And in the months when Joe's arm refused to heal properly, Jake would see him occasionally in various hangouts and listen to Crawford talking. Always it was the same thing; when he and Denny would fight.

Nor had it seemed comic to Jake when, after a year and a half, Joe, matched again with Denny, had developed mumps just before the bout. Everybody else thought so. But Jake went to the hospital where Crawford lay in bed and looked at the boxer's livid face and listened to the choked fury

issuing from his swollen throat. Shamelessly, Jake had tried to discover why Joe hated Denny so bitterly.

"I got my reasons," Joe croaked evasively. "Plenty! I'll fight him if it takes the rest of my life. He's afraid of me because of what he done, see? He's yellow."

"I never saw any sign of it," Jake said. "He's yellow," Joe repeated obstinately. "Only a guy that's yellow woulda done what he did. You wait, Parker. I'll get a fight. I'll get one, see. I'll show you and everybody else how yellow he is. I'll show you . . ."

The nurse came in then and Jake departed, puzzled and thoughtful. So the feud was not without motive. And it had to be settled in the ring. As a sports writer, Jake wanted to see the result; as Denny's friend, he hoped there would never be a match.

There never was.

Despite Joe's raging and demanding. Something always intervened. Ridiculous things, all of them. Only, Jake thought, ridiculous merely on the surface. Underneath they were . . . not tragic, exactly, and, yet, what other word was there?

Denny became champion. He was a great champion and popular. Joe became an in-and-outter, and drifted back to the small clubs. The months slipped by, and suddenly Denny announced he would retire after his next fight.

"And that," thought Jake, "set off the last of the fireworks."

He was eating dinner with Denny in Kebberly's Chop House. Crawford came in and plunged toward their table. He put his great hands on the table edge, and said in a husky voice:

"Are you gonna give me a fight?"

"No," said Denny. "Why should I?"

"You know why," Joe said. "You lousy, yellow double-crosser."

Denny said quietly:

"Somebody show this kid out."

Joe swung suddenly at Denny's jaw. Denny jerked his head aside. In a moment the place was in a tumult. Joe knocked two men down with two terrific punches. Then an over-anxious waiter crashed a beer bottle on Crawford's head and he fell unconscious. An ambulance carted him away to the hospital.

"There you are," thought Jake, "or almost."

Denny retired. He invested his money and built a fine house up in Westchester County. Crawford went on fighting. It was his profession and he had to live. He became a sort of trial horse for his class. When he heard that Denny intended to return to the ring, Joe began seeking a bout. Where in the past he had raged and threatened, now he was grimly patient. Patience got him what fury had failed to do. When Denny came to New York for his first important fight, after a well-planned come-back among second and third raters in small towns, Joe Crawford was in the opposite corner.

"So this is the end of it?" Jake Parker thought, "but where did it begin, and why?"

He turned and there was Nora's pale face gazing at him.

"Nora Harper," he said, astounded. "What on earth? . . ."

"I couldn't stay away," she answered. "Jake, is Denny all right?"

"He never was 'all-righter,'" Jake said,

grinning. "Even when he was champ. If Crawford lasts two more rounds I'll swallow my typewriter."

Nora tried to smile. Jake noticed her hands. She was tearing her handkerchief, slowly, unknowingly. Her gaze passed over his head up to the ring where the two fighters rose at the bell.

"Joe hates Denny," she said. "He'd like to kill him."

THE fight went on amid the steady howling of the crowd. In the center of the sound, under the brilliant lights, the stocky figure of Crawford continued its futile rushes. Denny waited, moving swiftly, watching for the opening. When it came, he went in with a single movement, body and arm uncoiling like a serpent striking. Crawford spun toward the ropes. Denny was on him before he could recover. Joe twisted, clutching at those deadly arms. They were so close together it seemed no blow could be struck. Then Denny stepped back and Crawford was toppling forward. He fell face down on the canvas. The referee bent over him and began the count. At six Crawford arose, but the gong rang before the fight could be resumed.

"Great," said Morgan. "You got him, now. Nail him once more and he won't get up. How d'you feel?"

"All right," Denny said. "I waited too long."

He wanted to look at Nora, but he knew that he must not. He mustn't think about Nora. Only about the fight. He had waited too long. If there had been thirty seconds more the fight would be over. He had made a mistake in judgment. It worried him a little.

"This round," Denny thought. "Lucky seventh!" Crawford was not coming to him any more. He waited hunched, just out of his corner, his round head sunk behind shoulder and gloves. Over the wet dark gloves his eyes shone in their swollen sockets. He was at bay, sullen and more dangerous than in the wild fury of his rushing. Denny knew he had to open him up. He had to lead and make him come out into the open. He jabbed and realized instantly he had misjudged the distance. His glove slid over Crawford's shoulder and instantly Denny knew he was in peril. He reached for Joe's right hand and partly blocked the punch. But he was off balance and fell awkwardly toward the ropes. He

caught at Joe to drag him in close before he could get set. Crawford's hands flashed, left and right and left again. The first blow was like something splitting under Denny's ribs. It seared upward through his lungs and into his head. His heart seemed to stop beating, and his body felt as though it were falling away from him. In that moment of nothingness, the second punch landed. There was no shock with that one, only a quick sagging at his knees and a feeling of lassitude. With the third punch, Crawford was too eager. The glove rasped across Denny's chest and under his arm. Instinctively he clamped Joe's wrist against him. Through the interval that followed, Denny's body went on fighting. He knew it was fighting and in some strange fashion followed its movements. He sensed his body writhing and sliding away from danger, and his hands blocking and holding. His body went on fighting for a long time; for the infinity of time when he was slowly re-entering it. Then he was inside again, directing his body and seeing Joe clearly. The bell rang and he went across the ring toward Morgan's outstretched hands. He was inside his body again, but it no longer seemed his; it felt so old and exhausted and trembling. The cold sponge struck upon his neck and he knew he must turn and smile assurance at Nora. She was sitting there, close to him, a few feet away . . . Her face was a faint, wavering blur.

Crawford took the protector from his mouth and grinned through bruised lips.

"I got him," he said. "He's fought out."

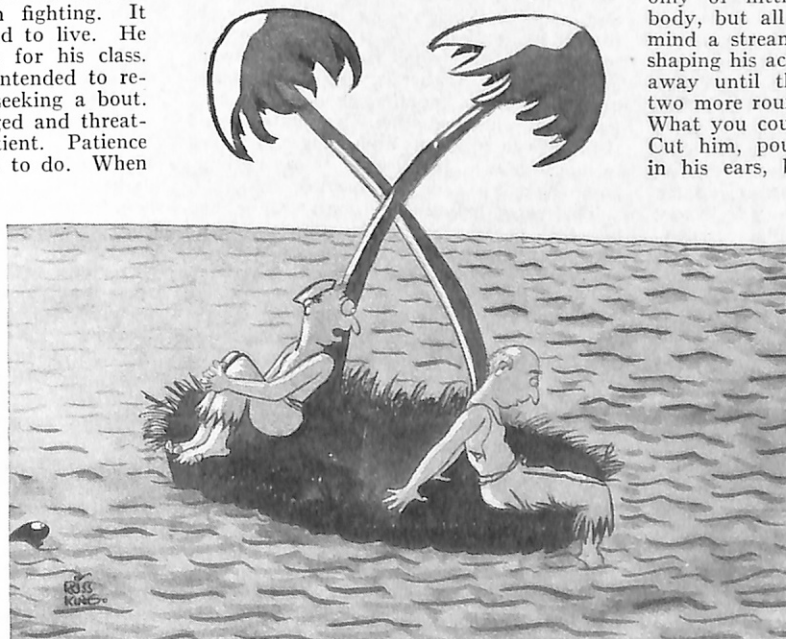
"Now for God's sake, don't get careless," his manager said. "This guy's smart. This fight ain't over. He's got six rounds, and maybe a break on that one. Everybody's for him. You got to put him away cold."

"Cold," said Joe. "He'll be cold all right. I got him."

Crawford came forward. Now he had him. After twelve years. Suddenly, when he had almost ceased hoping. It was as though his hands sensed that something had gone out of Denny, leaving him vulnerable. He was reaching him now. The impact of his gloves on Denny's body, jarred along his arms. There was a shadow over Denny's eyes. He still boxed beautifully but his hands were not enough. His legs could not move him away from Crawford's rushes.

The fight slithered along the ropes, now, with Denny on the ropes, and Joe working from the inside of the ring. He thought only of hitting those patches of exposed body, but all the time there swirled in his mind a stream of wordless desires, exaltant, shaping his actions. He wouldn't put Denny away until the last moment. There were two more rounds for vengeance. Six minutes. What you could do to a guy in six minutes. Cut him, pound him, smash the cartilages in his ears, beat his belly until flesh and viscera would never be the same. Break him in body and spirit. Make him pay for everything, the humiliation, the years of waiting. . . . Sweet waiting, now.

A little blood oozed between Denny's lips. He didn't try to hit Joe. Every part of him was concentrated on maintaining the assurance of his manner, on evading those cruel hands. Crawford mustn't know how badly he was hurt; the judges mustn't know; no one. And something must be saved? The gong? Why didn't it ring? He didn't dare glance at the clock that marked the



"You know, Joe, I believe I'm getting a touch of wanderlust!"

(Continued on page 34)

(Continued from page 33)

seconds The bell rang. Denny took one step, blindly, toward a neutral corner, corrected himself and walked steadily toward his own corner. Crawford threw back his head and laughed.

Thirty thousand dollars, Denny thought. The figures whirled in his dazed brain. Fifteen, that he would receive for the fight, bet at even money. Bet here and there on himself; placed by friends. Everything staked on this fight. Thirty thousand added to what he had made in the six months of fighting in small towns, meant a new chance.

"If I get by these two rounds," he said thickly. "Can I win?"

"It's close," Morgan said. "But I think so. You got six rounds sure. How do you feel?"

"Terrible," said Denny. "There's nothing left. I can't hurt him. I'll make it look good. Can you fix that cut?"

"It's stopped bleeding. Try to keep him from openin' it up. Blood looks bad."

"He's strong," Denny said. "He wants to put me away."

"Yeah," said Morgan. "Box him."

"Twelve years," said Denny, and laughed. Fifteen thousand bet at even money. Everything he had. If he lost the fight, there was nothing left.

THE fight was close to Nora. It was part of her, and she was part of the fight. The pound of feet and the sharp thud of the gloves beat in her blood. She could hear their echo above the rapid sound of her heart. She had never seen Denny fight before; never wanted to. When he fought she had remained home, confident in his strength, protected by his courage. Now she was close to Denny, and could do nothing. She knew he was hurt and that he no longer controlled the fight. The look on Crawford's face told her and the continuous shouting of the crowd. She became confused and could not follow the swift movement of the fight. She saw only Denny. He hit; he was hit. This was what he was doing for her, for their boy. It was unreal, like a monstrous dream. No, it was real, filled with rage and terror and pain. She caught Jake's arm and cried:

"Is he hurt, Jake? Is Denny hurt?"

"No," said Jake. "He's all right." But his eyes exposed the lie.

She did not see the blow, but she saw Denny falling. He went over backward, with incredible slowness, falling against the far ropes. He seemed to be falling through years, through ages of time; falling with one arm trailing along the upper rope, the hand too weak to close the dark glove that slid, slipped off, struck the middle rope, clung, loosened, pawed the unresisting air. His face hung toward her, blank and still. The crowd surged up with a roar. Then men sprang into the ring, pulled Denny across to his corner, slapping him, drenching him with water, holding a tiny bottle under his nose She heard Jake saying loudly, "The bell the bell saved him."

Beyond the frantic figures of his seconds, Nora could see Denny's face drawn and muted and the thread of blood unravelling from between his slack lips.

This was her fault. Because of her blundering, her lack of courage, this terrible suffering had come to Denny. There seemed to be no space in her mind for any thought except of Denny, yet the past returned in flashes of memory and she felt those two divisions of herself, each with its separate agony.

She was with Joe as she had known him. When they had lived as children in a long row of identical red brick houses. She remembered the rough devotion he gave her as a schoolboy. Later, when she was

scarcely more than a girl, inexperienced, timid, impressionable, she had agreed to marry him, because their parents wished them to marry and because his fierce possessiveness, his jealousy, the intensity of his desire, flattered her young vanity.

"I was stupid," she thought despairingly. "But I was hardly more than a child, really."

So she had promised. Joe went to California on a job that would make his fortune. He was to get a start, she would join him and be married. . . .

Denny stirred, sat upright. A man put his hands under his ribs and lifted his body,

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 32)

H	A	L	F	A	B	E	T	E	C	R	U	F	O	E	S
A	L	A	R	R	U	N	E	F	O	O	T	I	D	L	E
R	O	V	E	E	N	D	S	T	R	U	E	N	O	I	S
M	E	E	T	S	G	E	T	S	O	T	C	A	R	E	D
				S	T	E	L	A			N	E	W	E	L
L	A	G	A	V	E	R	T	E	A	S	E	D	H	A	W
E	N	R	A	G	E	R	E	P			B	A	N	A	N
N	O	I	S	E	S	T	O	R	I	E	S	R	U	L	E
A	N	T	S	P	A	R	T	I	C	L	E	S	T	O	M
				A	L	A		A	T	E					
F	L	E	W	D	E	C	O	R	A	T	O	R	P	L	U
L	I	V	I	D		S	T	R	I	V	E	N	M	O	U
E	V	E	N	E	D		A	G	E		M	U	T	T	E
D	E	N		V	O	C	A	L		R	A	T	E	S	E
				D	I	N	E	D		R	I	T	E	S	
T	O	T	A	L		R	O	B		G	O	T		S	A
O	V	E	R		H	I	R	E		R	U	L	E	T	A
R	A	R	E		E	S	N	E		A	S	E	A	E	R
E	L	M	S		N	E	S	T		B	E	S	T	J	A

letting him fill his lungs without effort. . . .

The summer after Joe had gone away, Nora went to Atlantic City. How clearly it all came back to her. Bright seas and a sun-drenched beach, and a voice saying, "You ought to know Denny Harper." Her hair had blown over her eyes. She had to brush it aside in order to see him. He stood above her outlined on the sky, smiling. In that moment she knew there was no other man for her.

"Knowing that," Nora thought, "didn't help me."

The time that followed had been torment and ecstasy. When she was with Denny she forgot Joe entirely. Apart, he returned to torture her. She hadn't the courage to write and tell him. Neither could she tell Denny of Joe. For six months she hesitated, prevaricated, justified her irresolution—and then gave in to Denny's pleading and agreed to marry him. They decided to say nothing, go to New York and be married.

Two days before the time set, Joe had returned, unexpectedly. He came back somber, morose, fired from his job. There was no longer possibility of evasion. She tried to save Joe this final humiliation, but he demanded to know what was wrong. While she stammered, telling him, he said nothing. The color drained from his face, and a curious glow began in his brooding eyes. At last he said:

"O.K. I'll go see this guy."

Nora remembered the cold wave of fear breaking over her heart. That night she had not slept. She lay in the darkness shivering with terror. What would Joe do? Anything was possible.

What he had done, actually, was beyond her imagining. Denny had told her later, after they were married.

Joe had sought him out, and said Denny would have to fight him. They would fight at the Columbia A. C. so everything would be on the level. He didn't trust anyone,

now. Nora had double-crossed him. They would fight and whoever won would marry Nora. Denny had refused. Joe didn't listen. He repeated it all, over and over. It was a preposterous situation. At last Denny had consented. But he warned Joe that no matter what the outcome might be, he intended to marry Nora. Joe had looked at him with his pale, burning glance and said, dully: "Whoever wins will marry Nora."

"I couldn't have foreseen that," Nora thought. "No one could."

No one could have foreseen the events flowing out of that bitter, indecisive encounter; not the interest in Denny of John Burke, who saw in the amateur the shadow of a great champion; nor the rise of Denny as a boxer. No one could have guessed that Joe, by his passion for revenge, would cast everything aside and become a fighter.

"No one," Nora thought, "no one."

It was two years later that she had met Joe by chance. He appeared bigger and his face was already marked by the impact of gloves. He had stopped her and said, "He didn't lick me. That didn't settle it. What I said goes. Some day I'll lick him, and then . . ."

After that, Nora was afraid. The fear rested always upon the edge of her life. For she had known, always, that the moment would come. . . . And here, now, tonight, the implacable pursuer was close to the end of his pursuit; separated by ten seconds as the whistle shrilled. Denny, her husband, the only man she had ever, could ever love, and Joe, whom she had betrayed, watching him, his lips curling, his body taut with eagerness. Nora saw Denny rise slowly. He did not turn to her. His eyes were upon Crawford.

The sound of the bell came from far away. Denny arose, went slowly forward and touched Joe's gloves over the barrier of the referee's arm. The white sleeve vanished and he saw Joe set himself for a punch. Denny jabbed weakly and stepped inside the blow. His head felt swollen with pain, and he couldn't concentrate on the fight. The memory of Nora, sitting on the lawn under a striped umbrella, the head of his son dark against her pale dress, floated through the pain. Love was stronger than hate, it was said. Then why wasn't he stronger than Crawford? This, to Crawford, was only the vengeful ending to a preposterous situation; to Denny it meant the salvation of all that a man holds dear. He must win, but could he? "Can't?" thought Denny despairingly. "Must!"

HE plodded forward, flat-footed, his body sagging from the waist. No science now, no cleverness, no skill. Blankness settled over his eyes. His face looked old and gray. He fought on and on in a place growing darker. Through the gathering darkness the pain spurted its fitful lightning. The spaces between the pain held clear images of Nora; Nora young and smiling; Nora waiting his victorious return; Nora's dark hair outspread on the pillow in the hospital bed, her downcast glance absorbed in the child at her breast; Nora believing in him, depending . . .

The crowd had gone mad, but the tumult never reached Denny. He fought in a gray waste of silence and pain, borne up by a memory.

Crawford watched the ex-champ and retreated, biding his time. This couldn't last. Nobody could take the beating Denny had taken and have anything left. In a moment Denny would have fought himself out. There was a limit to flesh and blood. But the moment stretched out to a half minute, and still that bruised face, terrible in its impassivity, pressed close to Crawford's own, and those flailing gloves too feeble to do any real damage, kept him off balance.

The thirty seconds became a minute. Joe caught a glimpse of his manager screaming advice to him, pleading, his face red and distorted. A sensation of bewilderment swept over him. He clenched and hung on, distracted, baffled, uncertain. The referee tugged at his arm. He stepped away, rushed in wildly and lashed out with left and right. The jar of the blows, landing solidly, shook his body. He saw Denny falling away from him, thought, "That ends it," and felt suddenly queer and trembling. The referee shouldered him aside. He walked toward a neutral corner, looking back at the sprawled figure on the canvas. Dimly he was aware that the crowd was silent. The shrill voice of the referee counted, "Three!" Joe dabbed his nose with his glove. "Only three?" he thought dully. Why, it seemed like a year. Then he saw Denny thrust with his arms, tear his body away from the canvas as though breaking free of some invisible bondage. The referee shouted, "Five!" and Denny stood upright.

Joe brushed at his eyes in amazement. He felt powerless to move; held in a kind of awe and admiration. The referee was staring curiously at him. The silence exploded in sound. Joe could not think clearly. As he hesitated Denny came toward him, arms hanging limply, chin sagging on his chest, yet a shadow of a smile in his eyes, as he advanced, calmly, without fear. And in that moment Joe's hatred became tenuous and unreal. The past faded and with it the reason that had sustained the past and created the present. The desire that had driven him for so long had vanished; it was as though it had never existed. He saw Denny without fury, without rancor; realized that Denny possessed the one thing that he respected. Courage. He lifted his gloved hand in a queer gesture, it was a movement of despair, as though things were no longer in his control. Step by step, Denny approached, a shambling walk. Joe set himself. The moment he had lived for had come, and it had no meaning. Finish it! One punch and it was over. . . .

Nora sensed what was happening. Everyone realized it, and the roar sank into a

long wailing. The thin sound seemed to be sucked back on a single indrawn breath of the vast throng. It was as though the arena were suddenly emptied of air, leaving only the spectral wailing. Everything was rigid with waiting, and in the suspension of movement, Joe's arm curved as it began the incredibly swift arc of that last punch. Nora swayed forward, caught at the back of the seat ahead, closed her eyes. . . .

SHE did not see the unconquerable lunge of Denny's body, the indomitable effort of a once great champion, the final flame of courage that burns in the heart of a man fighting for more than himself. The tumult that burst upon her agony did not tell her that Crawford had fallen suddenly, his jaw sagging with amazement. A shrill madness was going on about her, as Crawford arose, clutched at Denny, missed and stepped bewildered into a right that sent him sprawling on the canvas, but she was too exhausted to lift her head. Then Crawford got up and Denny was on him, punching, punching, punching. . . . And the final bell rang!

The tumult went on, but Nora was afraid to look. She felt someone grasp her shoulder, shaking her violently, and she opened her eyes to see Jake's dazed face thrust close to her own. He was shouting:

"Denny gets it! Nora, Denny gets the fight! D'yu hear, Nora?"

The spinning lights became stationary, and she could see the referee holding Denny's arm aloft and Joe leaning against the ropes watching Denny with an incomprehensible expression upon his face. As she gazed, the ring swarmed with men, screaming and cheering.

Through the crowd that yelled and slapped and tugged at him, Denny saw Joe coming across the ring. He shoved the men aside as though he did not see them, and stopped directly before Denny. He stood panting a little, his head down, looking up from under his heavy brows. Someone threw his old white sweater over his shoulders, and he drew it absently close to his chin. Then he

spread his hands awkwardly and said in his husky voice:

"Well, you got the fight, didn't you!"

"Yes," said Denny.

"That's O.K. by me," Joe said. He passed his hand across his mouth and added slowly, as though he were bringing the words by great effort from some remote part of his being: "That's O.K.! What I mean is, I guess I had you all wrong. I kept thinking all this time you was yellow, see."

He turned his head and glared at the men nearby, as though expecting to be contradicted. Then he looked at Denny and grinned.

"Yeah," he said. "I had you wrong, all right. You was the gamest guy I ever fought."

"Thanks, Joe," Denny said.

Crawford shuffled his feet and stammered, "Everything what I said I ain't sayin' no more, see? We're quits, you and me."

He lifted his hand hesitantly. There was something childlike and pathetic in the gesture. Denny put out his hand.

"Well," said Joe, "so long, Denny."

"Good luck, Joe."

CRAWFORD nodded and turned away. He went to the edge of the ring to crawl through the ropes. As he bent under the upper rope he saw Nora standing below, gazing up at him, and he had a vague impulse to speak to her, to tell her something scarcely clear in his own mind. But she was too far away and, besides, he could think of no words for what he wanted to say. For a moment they stood gazing at one another. Then Joe instinctively raised his bandaged hands and shook them in the conventional friendly gesture of the fighter, dropped to the floor and strode away up the aisle.

Nora pressed her hands across her eyes. She felt dizzy with released happiness. It was as though she were passing from under a shadow into the serenity of a peaceful day, into a time that held no fear, only an endless vista of happiness. . . . She reached out and caught Jake's arm.

"Jake," she said, "I want to go to Denny."

How to Live a Happy Life

(Continued from page 18)

considered work, though I assure you that it is play. In the realm of obvious diversion, I play golf, dance, go motoring, play bridge, poker, rummy or solitaire (I'm not particular) read, and build blocks with my four-year-old.

I understand that the NRA is worried about what people are going to do with themselves in their spare time. I hope it isn't worried about me.

WITH training and experience in a number of fields of endeavor, I am untroubled by thoughts of the future. I am fairly well established in my profession of writing; but if that should fail me, I am sure that I can earn a living at some other kind of work. In my flight astride Pegasus, I have not neglected to wear a parachute or two.

I must admit that I was not motivated by practical considerations in building up my economic security. I was actuated by an insatiable desire for happiness. During those early years when I was fighting the shame of my afflictions, I found escape through keeping busy, mentally and manually. A confident feeling of security is my reward.

A feeling of security, mind you! I cannot go so far as to state that my security is actual, for I am neither clairvoyant nor prophetic. But a man's present happiness is not based on what his future will be. It

is founded on what he *thinks* his future will be.

I have acquired confidence in myself by having had to overcome so many apparently insurmountable obstacles. Besides what I have accomplished physically, despite my crippled condition, the usual tasks and trials of normal life seem somewhat trivial to me.

If you would like to gain some idea of what a crippled child must endure before he can learn to walk, visit some orthopedic hospital; spend an hour or two watching the young victims of infantile paralysis at their daily grind. See them, encased in the vise of steel braces, trying to bring their semi-paralyzed legs forward, as one must to walk. Watch particularly their faces. You will see on most of these faces an expression of determination that is transfiguring. Their pain is lost in their exaltation. Their fears are submerged in the realization of their scarcely perceptible progress. They won't learn to walk in a few days, or a few weeks, or a few months. They must keep on trying and plugging and working for many years. Their fate—cruel though it may seem to you—is making real men and women of them. Their hardships, their sufferings, their deprivations are laying the solid foundation for their future happiness.

It took me fifteen long years to learn to walk without braces. Can I forget those years? Would I forget them, if it were

possible to do so? I treasure them in my memory. I cling to them as if they were something sweet and worthy of cherishing. They are. The pain of them is vague. But the accomplishments are vivid; they are always present; they are like firm fingers under my chin to make me hold up my head with righteous pride. They are a part of my happiness.

Sometimes, even now, when I remove my clothing, I contemplate my shapeless, muscleless legs with a sort of wonder. A lump rises to my throat—indicative not of sadness nor self-pity, but of pride. I remember what I have done—with those legs. It was not enough to move forward in the halting progress of a cripple's locomotion. If I could go so far as to walk without the support of braces, what was there that I could not accomplish?

I began, in my early twenties, to train at gymnasiums. For years, even with the weight of braces on me, I had exercised on rings and bars and other apparatus. I had developed the upper part of my body until I was strong and muscular. I wanted to learn how to box. I did learn how. I was able to hold my own with almost any amateur of my weight, however sturdy were his legs. I was fast; I could hit hard, and—need I tell you?—I could "take it." At "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien's I put on the gloves with the late Harry Greb when he

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was light-heavyweight champion of the world. After our bout, he was still the champion. But I have an alibi. He outweighed me by fifty-five pounds. In Hollywood, at Jack Kaufman's, I boxed with Tommy Mandell, then the world's light-weight champion. He, too, retained his championship. But neither of them had anything on me. I, providentially, retained my life.

Learning how to play golf was even more difficult for me than boxing. Golf, all of us know, requires balance. The player must take his stance squarely, plant himself firmly on both feet, and maintain his position during the upward and downward swings. Perhaps some of you have not found that easy to do. It was very hard for me. The reason why it presented such a deep problem in my case is that *I cannot stand alone*. Having no living muscles in my lower limbs, I can maintain a balance only while I am in motion. If I want to stand still, I must take hold of something. Merely touching some stationary object with my fingertips suffices.

But I learned to play golf. When I am in practice I do the eighteen in about ninety. I found a way, you see, to balance myself by touching the club head against the ground behind the ball, then swinging, more quickly than good form permits, but before I am thrown off balance. Get up on a pair of stilts some time and try it!

In like manner, everything that I have done has cost me a greater effort than the normal man must expend. I have had to plan, invent, practice, before I could do the things that come naturally to other men.

I am explaining all this, not for the purpose of boasting (which, even though I remain anonymous, would not be in good taste) but so that I may reveal some sources of happiness that most people overlook.

Adaptability and Accomplishment! To be happy one must find a way to adapt oneself to conditions, or to adapt conditions to oneself. From doing so, accomplishment results. The more formidable are a man's handicaps, the greater are his opportunities for adaptation and accomplishment. You learned to walk; so did I. When you walk, does the realization that you are walking mean anything to you at all? To me it is an unending source of happiness.

Do not imagine that I am conscious of it with every step I take. But deep down inside of me is that warm glow of satisfaction, burning steadily like a pilot light; and at any moment some incident may touch it and cause it to leap into a flame of conscious happiness.

A few evenings ago I went with a young lady to the supper room of a hotel. As we followed the headwaiter down the aisle between tables, my lameness was noticed discreetly by waiters and guests.

(My lameness, of course, is always noticed. I am aware of the fact. I did not conquer my former shame of it by deceiving myself into the false belief that no one could observe it. I faced the fact and truthfully convinced myself that it didn't matter; that no one would think less of me because I

was lame. My philosophy is not based on self-hypnotism. My happiness is, to be sure, a state of mind; but the controlling government of that state is not made up of delusion. Do you believe that a lingering sensitiveness makes me imagine that my lameness immediately strikes the most casual eye? Not long ago I walked into a department store. It was just before the NRA days and the store was not crowded. I carried a walking stick that afternoon and, in view of the denouement, I must tell you

the things that other boys were doing. It is a source of happiness I shall have with me as long as I live. If I found my happiness in material things—a fine automobile, a beautiful house, a large fortune—the automobile might be wrecked or stolen, the house might burn down, the fortune lost.

Do you perceive what I have done to capture happiness? I have taken my very afflictions—for they shall be forever mine—and in them I have found the essential ingredients of human happiness, as gold nuggets are found buried in the mud of a stream. In them I have discovered Security of Life and Living, Adaptation and Accomplishment, Love and Admiration.

No one knows better than the afflicted man the true meaning of love. As soon as he has freed himself of stupid, blinding shame, he begins to realize that he is living in a world of kind, friendly men and women. People reveal their hearts to him as to no one else. Strangers they may be, in so far as he has never seen them before, but they act toward him as friends. Is the traffic policeman at the corner only an automaton, devoid of humanness? To the crowds that surge past him, perhaps he is. But he will single out the afflicted man—the lame, the halt, the blind—he will shed his official armor, and reveal the heart that is in him. He will blow his whistle to halt traffic; he will assist the afflicted one from curb to curb; and in the gentle pressure of his fingers, in his kindly

eyes, in his warm smile, is the story of one human being's love for another human being.

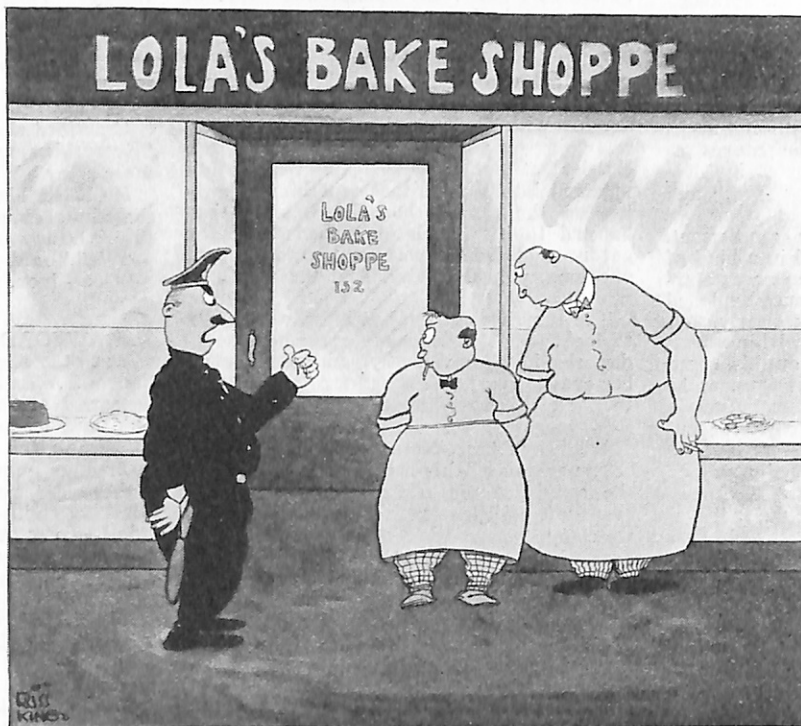
Some years ago, when I was younger and more adventurous, I used to seek "atmosphere" and "life" in out-of-the-way corners of New York. My friends would often warn me: "You mustn't go there! That's a tough district!" I went, anyway. I knew that I had nothing to fear. For them, perhaps, a visit there spelt danger; but I, a cripple, was safe.

One night I was in a Bowery dance hall, on a second floor not far removed from Doyer Street in Chinatown. A harder looking crowd of men and women than were gathered there would be difficult to find. There was a long bar across which was dispensed the vilest whiskey—perhaps not more vile than Prohibition later taught the connoisseur to drink—at ten cents a glass. All the toughs were a little drunk; a few were very drunk.

A young thug, too intoxicated to be discriminating, seemingly took a dislike to me—perhaps because I stood nearest him. He cursed me; I moved away. He followed me and caught hold of my shoulder. I should like to tell you that, like a movie hero, I defied him and sent him spinning with my trusty right fist. But I didn't do that. I was frightened half to death. This would be no gentleman's sparring bout in a gentleman's gymnasium!

I wasn't frightened for long. Within fifteen seconds after he caught hold of my shoulder and began to tell me what he was going to do to me—within fifteen seconds no less than eight or ten men had come to my rescue. They grabbed my persecutor and

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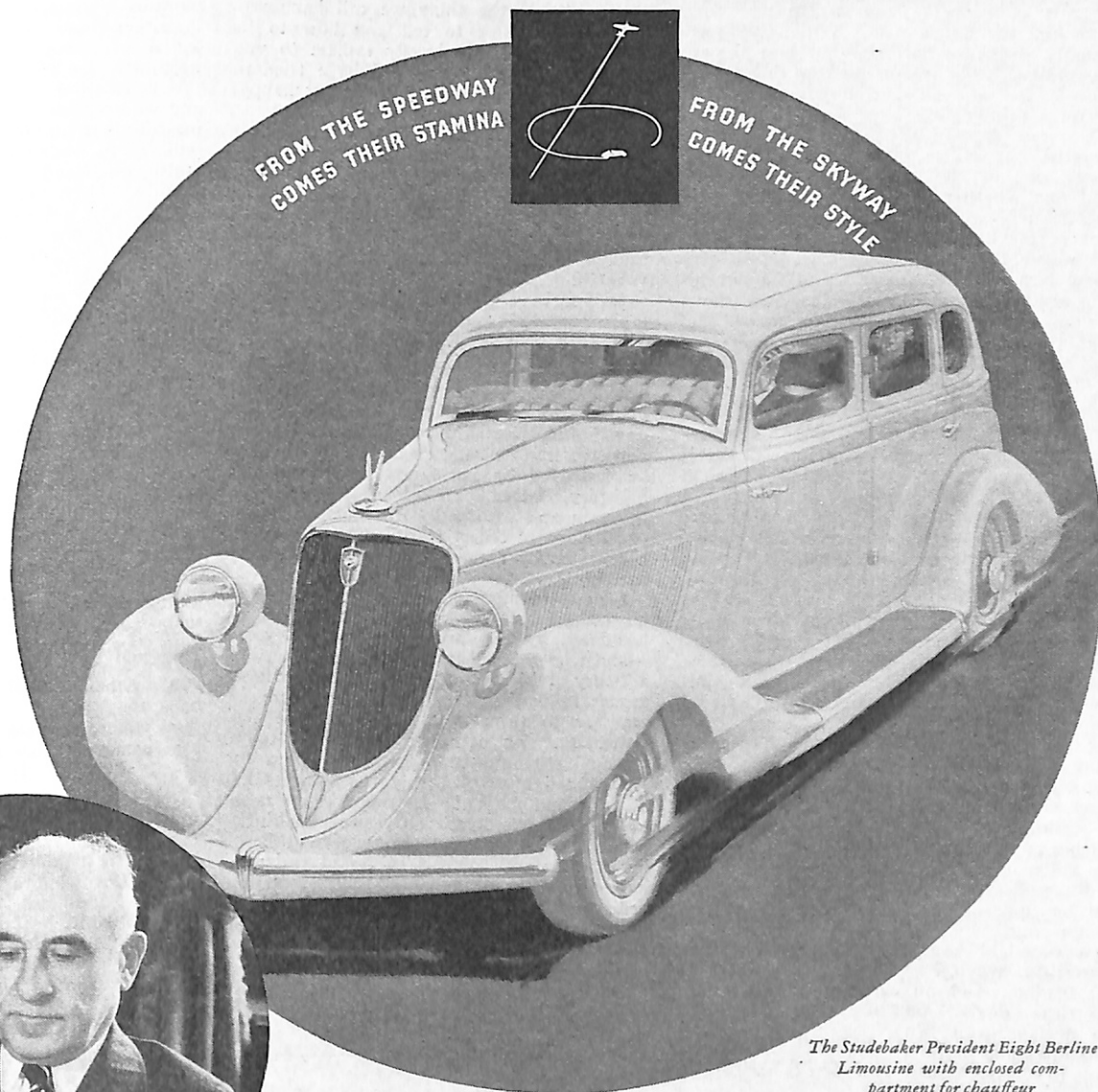


"Which one of you guys is Lola?"

that I wear a small mustache. A little boy, about six years old, was standing at a counter near his mother. He looked at me, wide-eyed, as I approached him. He tugged excitedly at his mother's skirt and shouted at the top of his voice: "Mother! Look! Here comes Charlie Chaplin!" The mother was frightfully embarrassed. I felt sorry for her.)

But to return to my story: My friend and I were shown to our table, and later, the music being inviting, we made our way to the dance floor. When we returned to our table, my friend said to me, "Did you notice the sensation you caused?" I had noticed; I couldn't very well help noticing. The waiters actually edged closer to the dance floor and stood—one of them with a loaded tray balanced on his fingers—watching me. A woman at a "ringside" table paused with a coffee cup halfway to her lips. She had seen me walking toward the floor; now she watched me dance. I dance, my partners tell me, very smoothly, and my lameness is not manifest.

There were a score of men dancing there that evening. Most of them, I suppose, enjoyed themselves. But what one of them knew the happiness that was mine? The experience was not new to me, but it is one that never loses its joyous thrill. I felt it when I boxed at the gymnasiums and everyone gathered round outside the ropes to watch me. It didn't matter to anyone whether I hit or was hit, whether I performed well or poorly. What captured their wonder, their admiring interest, was that I was in that ring, standing up, stepping around, ducking, blocking, with such inadequate legs to serve me. I knew it when I was a little boy, trying hard to do



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(Continued from page 36)

gave him the bum's rush. While they were roughly dragging and shoving him toward the stairway, I heard them saying, "You ———, what you mean pick-in' on a cripple?"

Having disposed of the fellow who had violated the ethics even of gangsters and thugs, one of the men returned to me to find out whether I had been injured. He was an ugly-mug. He had a four-inch livid scar across his cheek, distorting his mouth. I'll wager that every policeman in the city knew him and his record. But he put his arm around my shoulders. He looked down apprehensively at my legs to make sure that they were not broken. He reassured me: "I'll be kind o' stickin' around, buddy, if you need me."

I AM tremendously indebted to my physical afflictions. They have deprived me of so little and have given me so much in return. For every minute of suffering, they have bestowed upon me an hour of happiness. Now that I have completely overcome the deficiencies of lameness, it is no more than a permanent but an inconsequential blemish, like a birthmark, on the surface of my life. In payment for wearing it, I am given happiness that I could never have known without it. It gave me rigorous but salutary training during my childhood; it taught me lessons which I could not otherwise have learned.

Even partial deafness, though far more annoying than lameness, has its compensations. Deafness is the instructor of the perceptions. It sharpens the wits. It aids in training the mind to be logical. It teaches concentration. And now that science has given us compact and powerful electrical auditory devices, we may almost normalize our hearing. Since you do not know who I am nor what make of instrument I recommend, I cannot be accused of commercialism when I say to my hard-of-hearing readers: Get an earphone! Try every electrical device on the market until you find one that permits you to hear. Then wear it and use it. Don't deny your deafened condition. You are fooling no one, not even yourself. Destroy Shame—and you will discover a new happiness. Hear what you want to hear; and when you desire that blessed, restful, peaceful silence that is bestowed only upon the deafened, click off the rheostat and that silence is yours. That is the only way to manage deafness, to live with it in happiness.

My happiness is only a state of mind. So was the misery and mental anguish that I once knew. Strangely enough, they are one.

But the workings of the mind, like the workings of Nature, are devious and strange. There is a cataclysm in the depths of the sea, and a beautiful island appears above the surface. So, out of suffering and despair

comes at last the thing we call happiness.

I was not able to tell you how to be happy, I could only briefly explain to you why I am a happy man. I have tried to make you realize that if you are not happy, you ought to be.

If you have failed to find happiness, it may be that you have tried to derive happiness from the wrong sources. You will never find it in becoming as rich as, or richer than your neighbor. You will never find it in conquest over your fellow man, though *you will find it in conquest over yourself*. You will never find it where, perhaps, you have always sought it.

BUT you can find it. In the circumstances of every man's life, whatever they may be, lies the more or less neglected germ of happiness. It must be discovered, isolated, patiently and painstakingly developed. I warn you that it is delicate, fragile. It may easily be destroyed by exposure to Shame, Envy, Self-pity, Hatred, Fear. But if fostered with the care and managed with the intelligence so precious an object merits, it will, in time, become hardy almost to the point of indestructibility.

I have found it in my afflictions. Perhaps the same fertile broth for its culture is offered by the shortcomings of everyone—and who is in all things perfect? There is a story told about a sophomore whose grades in mathematics and physics were so poor as to threaten his remaining at the university. To bring up the grades to a required standard he found it necessary to study hard and intensively the subjects he dreaded and disliked. He managed to raise his grades. His dread vanished, and with it, of course, his distaste. In what had been his obvious deficiency, a source of real unhappiness, he ultimately found security, achievement and acclaim. He became, as a matter of fact, one of the greatest mathematicians and physicists in the world.

The man was Steinmetz.

We are entering into an era of shorter

working hours with a corresponding increase in leisure time. The plan, designed for collective economic betterment, offers an opportunity for individual development and the cultivation of happiness. Many men and women, released from bondage to morning-till-night application to routine tasks, will try to find new happiness in a sort of South-Sea-Island worship of the god of Leisure. There are a few persons who truly enjoy doing nothing whatsoever. But they are not the ones who have been, until now, chained to long-hour jobs; they have never held a steady job.

Others will soon discover that pure leisure and sheer boredom are synonymous. A very little of lying around and sitting around in a desuetude of mental and physical activity will prove sufficient. You don't think so? Wait until you have tried a few weeks of very leisurely hours. You may smile ruefully at this, remembering these past years of unemployment. But enforced leisure and granted leisure have decidedly different psychological values.

When you have satisfied your long-denied desire to do absolutely nothing, so many hours a day; when you have come to the realization that pure leisure is not as pleasant as it always appeared in fancy, suppose you make an experiment: Write down a list of your shortcomings and of such circumstances as are a source of unhappiness to you. If you are honest with yourself, your list will be a long one. It will contain everything that you fear, hate, are ashamed of; that has given you cause for self-pity.

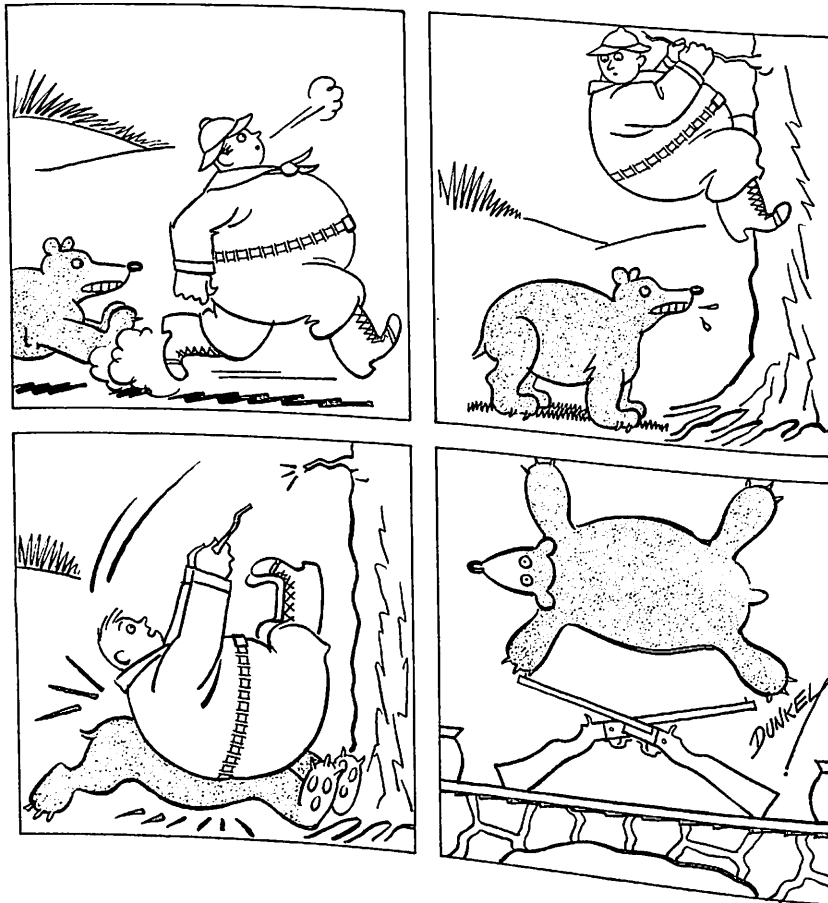
WITH that all valuable list in hand, you are fully equipped for the Era of Leisure Time. Look over the list. What a diversity of interests it offers! No chance of boredom there. But what a glorious opportunity to increase happiness!

One by one, beginning with the most difficult, the most distressing, take them on in fair fight; determined to scratch them off the list. You will learn how to do well the things

you do poorly. Triumphant, you will know the joys of real achievement, hard-won through adaptation. New economic fields will be opened to you through acquired versatility. In short, I believe that anyone can find the germ of happiness where I found it.

I believe that yesterday is wrongly called a day that is gone. No day is irretrievably buried in the past. What I ate yesterday is, today, a part of my living body. What I did yesterday is, today, a very important part of my life.

To acquire knowledge and to apply it; to exercise judicious caution; to maintain a constant interest in everything that life affords; to make many friends and never an enemy; to find good where one is expected to find evil; to give release to one's fighting instinct by fighting and gaining victory over one's own deficiencies—that is the Management of Happiness.



(Continued from page 9)

It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

(Continued from page 36)
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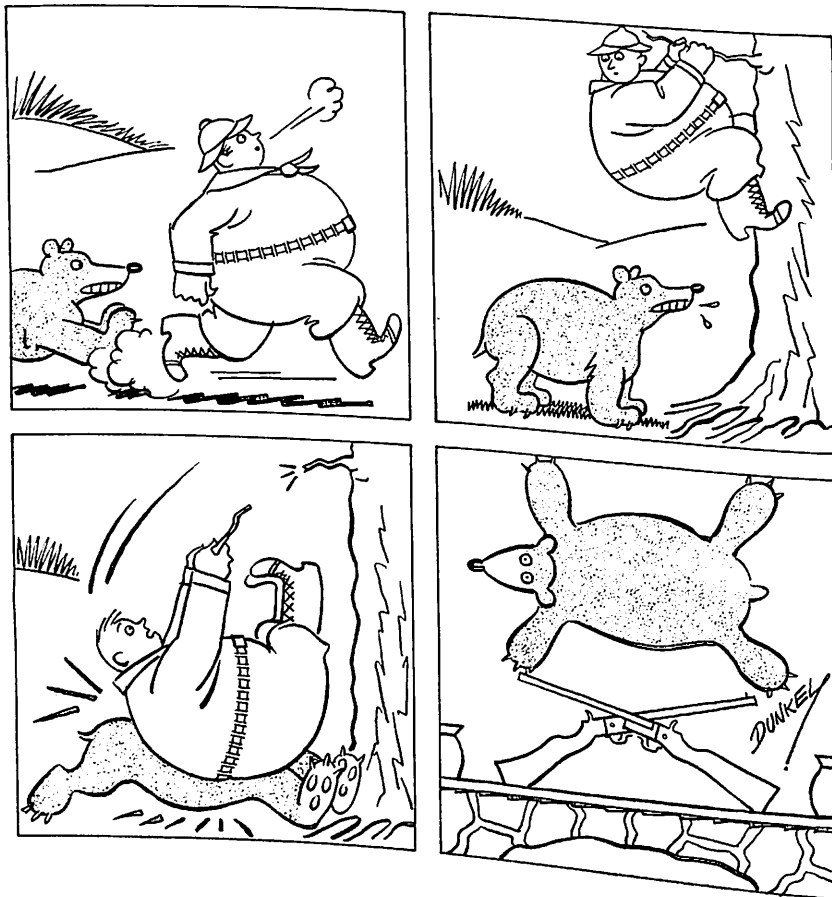
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When You "Soak the Rich," Whom Do You Really Soak?

(Continued from page 9)

two classes—the very rich and the very poor. In this country the number of very rich or of very poor has never been large enough greatly to matter. We have had no classes. That has been our strength. Are we willing to surrender our strength?

Dollar reductions in taxes are being achieved in some sections. But these are not always what they seem to be. For, while some expenses apparently are being cut, other expenses are being greatly raised. These other expenses are paid for out of borrowings. Loans, like chickens, come home to roost. And it makes no difference at all whether the borrowing is by the Federal Government or by the local government. Even the cuts have not kept pace with the fall of income.

For instance, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics announces that farm taxes per acre have declined 22% since 1929. But since the value of farm real estate during the same period has fallen 37%, this apparent decrease amounts to an actual increase of 24% in taxes in relation to value.

LET us, however, instead of looking at the tax situation as a whole, look at one item. No one can comprehend a billion dollars, and hence talking in billions is like talking of the distances to the stars. We know that the stars are far away, but the distances that the astronomers give us are so big as to be meaningless. Let us get down to the one utility, the widespread use of which distinguishes the United States from all other nations—that is, the automobile.

The automobile has been the most powerful single influence ever introduced into this country. Since the war, not only has it been the most powerful single industry, but its use has vitally changed the face of the country and the habits of the people. There is no point in giving even a summary of what the motor car and truck mean to the average citizen. Everyone knows at least a part of the story, and I doubt if anyone can imagine an America without automobiles.

And yet the weight of taxation bearing down on the automobile will, if unchecked, crush out the small car owner, make the use of an automobile a luxury and make the use of trucks impossible except for organized lines that can command a large volume of business. That is where we stand today on automobile taxation. To the alarmists, my statement will seem mild.

The limit of taxation is the ability of the property to earn enough to pay the tax. The taxpayer may have a number of different kinds of property, some of which are and some of which are not revenue producing, but in the end he cannot pay more taxes than the amount he receives in revenue. As a practical matter, a taxpayer cannot turn over all his revenue to the State unless also he discovers some way of living on nothing a year.

Beyond a point, raising taxes does not also raise tax revenue. This is clearly shown by the career of real estate. The taxes on realty in many sections are now so far above revenue that it pays the owner to abandon his property and let the State take it over. Tax laws are mostly very rigid, and mechanically the township, county, State or whatever the unit may be, simply goes ahead and sells property for unpaid taxes. But since there is now practically no market at all for real estate, these tax auctions—which used to be a happy hunting ground

for sharpers anxious to take advantage of the distress of their fellows—no longer bring sales, for there are no buyers.

The governments have had to take over an untold amount of property—which means of course that in every community an ever-growing amount of real estate pays no taxes. That is, the grinding heel of tax despotism has nothing further to grind. And so everywhere political units find the taxes they can collect from real estate utterly insufficient to meet the need of budgets which have not been cut to anything like the extent that personal budgets have been cut.

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(Continued on page 40)

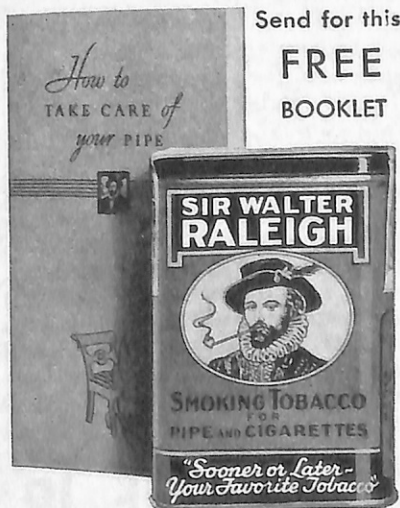
"BUT WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, DEAR?"



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Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. E-42



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

(Continued from page 36)

gave him the bum's rush. While they were roughly dragging and shoving him toward the stairway, I heard them saying, "You _____, what you mean pick-in' on a cripple?"

Having disposed of the fellow who had violated the ethics even of gangsters and thugs, one of the men returned to me to find out whether I had been injured. He was an ugly-mug. He had a four-inch livid scar across his cheek, distorting his mouth. I'll wager that every policeman in the city knew him and his record. But he put his arm around my shoulders. He looked down apprehensively at my legs to make sure that they were not broken. He reassured me: "I'll be kind o' stickin' around, buddy, if you need me."

I AM tremendously indebted to my physical afflictions. They have deprived me of so little and have given me so much in return. For every minute of suffering, they have bestowed upon me an hour of happiness. Now that I have completely overcome the deficiencies of lameness, it is no more than a permanent but an inconsequential blemish, like a birthmark, on the surface of my life. In payment for wearing it, I am given happiness that I could never have known without it. It gave me rigorous but salutary training during my childhood; it taught me lessons which I could not otherwise have learned.

Even partial deafness, though far more annoying than lameness, has its compensations. Deafness is the instructor of the perceptions. It sharpens the wits. It aids in training the mind to be logical. It teaches concentration. And now that science has given us compact and powerful electrical auditory devices, we may almost normalize our hearing. Since you do not know who I am nor what make of instrument I recommend, I cannot be accused of commercialism when I say to my hard-of-hearing readers: Get an earphone! Try every electrical device on the market until you find one that permits you to hear. Then wear it and use it. Don't deny your deafened condition. You are fooling no one, not even yourself. Destroy Shame—and you will discover a new happiness. Hear what you want to hear; and when you desire that blessed, restful, peaceful silence that is bestowed only upon the deafened, click off the rheostat and that silence is yours. That is the only way to manage deafness, to live with it in happiness.

My happiness is only a state of mind. So was the misery and mental anguish that I once knew. Strangely enough, they are one.

But the workings of the mind, like the workings of Nature, are devious and strange. There is a cataclysm in the depths of the sea, and a beautiful island appears above the surface. So, out of suffering and despair

comes at last the thing we call happiness.

I was not able to tell you how to be happy, I could only briefly explain to you why I am a happy man. I have tried to make you realize that if you are not happy, you ought to be.

If you have failed to find happiness, it may be that you have tried to derive happiness from the wrong sources. You will never find it in becoming as rich as, or richer than your neighbor. You will never find it in conquest over your fellow man, though *you will find it in conquest over yourself*. You will never find it where, perhaps, you have always sought it.

BUT you can find it. In the circumstances of every man's life, whatever they may be, lies the more or less neglected germ of happiness. It must be discovered, isolated, patiently and painstakingly developed. I warn you that it is delicate, fragile. It may easily be destroyed by exposure to Shame, Envy, Self-pity, Hatred, Fear. But if fostered with the care and managed with the intelligence so precious an object merits, it will, in time, become hardy almost to the point of indestructibility.

I have found it in my afflictions. Perhaps the same fertile broth for its culture is offered by the shortcomings of everyone—and who is in all things perfect? There is a story told about a sophomore whose grades in mathematics and physics were so poor as to threaten his remaining at the university. To bring up the grades to a required standard he found it necessary to study hard and intensively the subjects he dreaded and disliked. He managed to raise his grades. His dread vanished, and with it, of course, his distaste. In what had been his obvious deficiency, a source of real unhappiness, he ultimately found security, achievement and acclaim. He became, as a matter of fact, one of the greatest mathematicians and physicists in the world.

The man was Steinmetz.

We are entering into an era of shorter

working hours with a corresponding increase in leisure time. The plan, designed for collective economic betterment, offers an opportunity for individual development and the cultivation of happiness. Many men and women, released from bondage to morning-till-night application to routine tasks, will try to find new happiness in a sort of South-Sea-Island worship of the god of Leisure. There are a few persons who truly enjoy doing nothing whatsoever. But they are not the ones who have been, until now, chained to long-hour jobs; they have never held a steady job.

Others will soon discover that pure leisure and sheer boredom are synonymous. A very little of lying around and sitting around in a desuetude of mental and physical activity will prove sufficient. You don't think so? Wait until you have tried a few weeks of very leisurely hours. You may smile ruefully at this, remembering these past years of unemployment. But enforced leisure and granted leisure have decidedly different psychological values.

When you have satisfied your long-denied desire to do absolutely nothing, so many hours a day; when you have come to the realization that pure leisure is not as pleasant as it always appeared in fancy, suppose you make an experiment: Write down a list of your shortcomings and of such circumstances as are a source of unhappiness to you. If you are honest with yourself, your list will be a long one. It will contain everything that you fear, hate, are ashamed of; that has given you cause for self-pity.

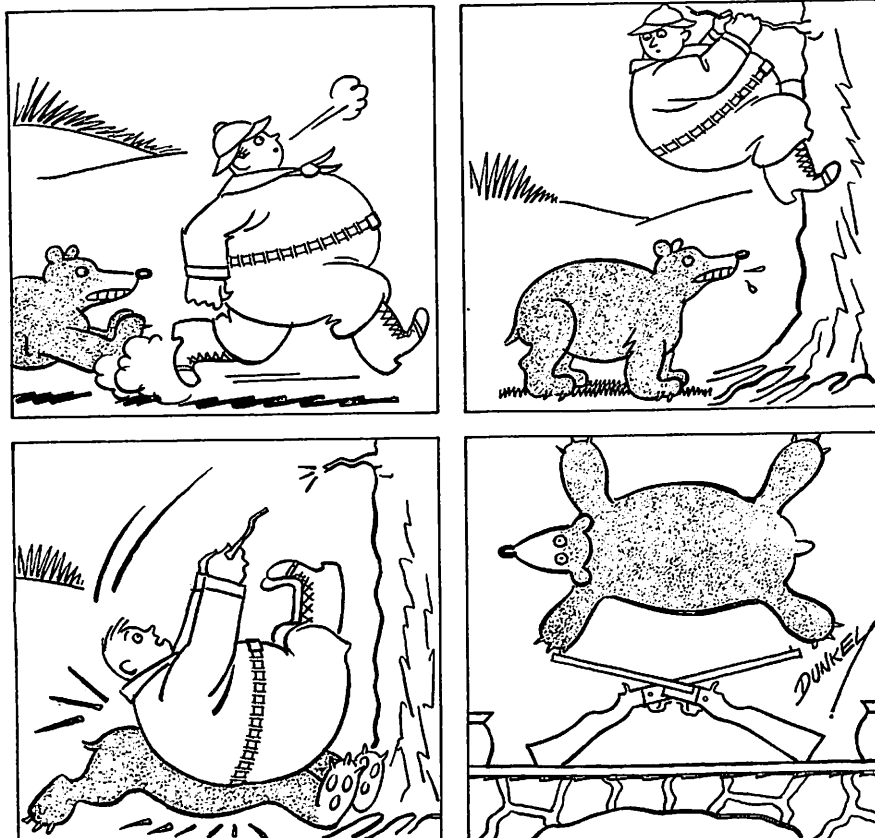
WITH that all valuable list in hand, you are fully equipped for the Era of Leisure Time. Look over the list. What a diversity of interests it offers! No chance of boredom there. But what a glorious opportunity to increase happiness!

One by one, beginning with the most difficult, the most distressing, take them on in fair fight; determined to scratch them off the list. You will learn how to do well the things

you do poorly. Triumphant, you will know the joys of real achievement, hard-won through adaptation. New economic fields will be opened to you through acquired versatility. In short, I believe that anyone can find the germ of happiness where I found it.

I believe that yesterday is wrongly called a day that is gone. No day is irretrievably buried in the past. What I ate yesterday is, today, a part of my living body. What I did yesterday is, today, a very important part of my life.

To acquire knowledge and to apply it; to exercise judicious caution; to maintain a constant interest in everything that life affords; to make many friends and never an enemy; to find good where one is expected to find evil; to give release to one's fighting instinct by fighting and gaining victory over one's own deficiencies—that is the Management of Happiness.



When You "Soak the Rich," Whom Do You Really Soak?

(Continued from page 9)

two classes—the very rich and the very poor. In this country the number of very rich or of very poor has never been large enough greatly to matter. We have had no classes. That has been our strength. Are we willing to surrender our strength?

Dollar reductions in taxes are being achieved in some sections. But these are not always what they seem to be. For, while some expenses apparently are being cut, other expenses are being greatly raised. These other expenses are paid for out of borrowings. Loans, like chickens, come home to roost. And it makes no difference at all whether the borrowing is by the Federal Government or by the local government. Even the cuts have not kept pace with the fall of income.

For instance, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics announces that farm taxes per acre have declined 22% since 1929. But since the value of farm real estate during the same period has fallen 37%, this apparent decrease amounts to an actual increase of 24% in taxes in relation to value.

LET us, however, instead of looking at the tax situation as a whole, look at one item. No one can comprehend a billion dollars, and hence talking in billions is like talking of the distances to the stars. We know that the stars are far away, but the distances that the astronomers give us are so big as to be meaningless. Let us get down to the one utility, the widespread use of which distinguishes the United States from all other nations—that is, the automobile.

The automobile has been the most powerful single influence ever introduced into this country. Since the war, not only has it been the most powerful single industry, but its use has vitally changed the face of the country and the habits of the people. There is no point in giving even a summary of what the motor car and truck mean to the average citizen. Everyone knows at least a part of the story, and I doubt if anyone can imagine an America without automobiles.

And yet the weight of taxation bearing down on the automobile will, if unchecked, crush out the small car owner, make the use of an automobile a luxury and make the use of trucks impossible except for organized lines that can command a large volume of business. That is where we stand today on automobile taxation. To the alarmists, my statement will seem mild.

The limit of taxation is the ability of the property to earn enough to pay the tax. The taxpayer may have a number of different kinds of property, some of which are and some of which are not revenue producing, but in the end he cannot pay more taxes than the amount he receives in revenue. As a practical matter, a taxpayer cannot turn over all his revenue to the State unless also he discovers some way of living on nothing a year.

Beyond a point, raising taxes does not also raise tax revenue. This is clearly shown by the career of real estate. The taxes on realty in many sections are now so far above revenue that it pays the owner to abandon his property and let the State take it over. Tax laws are mostly very rigid, and mechanically the township, county, State or whatever the unit may be, simply goes ahead and sells property for unpaid taxes. But since there is now practically no market at all for real estate, these tax auctions—which used to be a happy hunting ground

for sharpers anxious to take advantage of the distress of their fellows—no longer bring sales, for there are no buyers.

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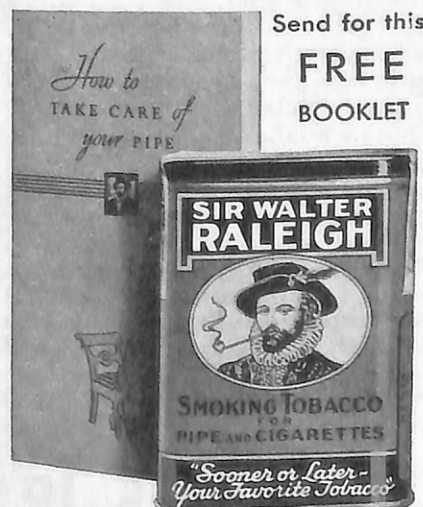
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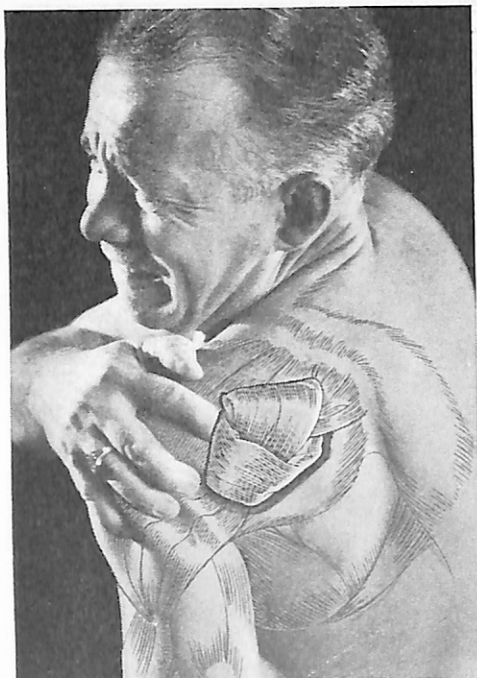
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



THAT KNOT OF PAIN

Smooth it out
with soothing Absorbine Jr.

● Pain is like a knot in muscles — an angry knot of congestion that can be quickly smoothed away with easing, relieving Absorbine Jr.

As you rub this gratifying liniment into those throbbing parts you can tell by the way it stimulates that it is getting results.

And as you continue to massage the muscles, a wonderful soothing balm seems to penetrate to the very pit of the trouble.

The muscles lose their tautness. They loosen up, become soft and supple again — as warmth steals in and pain steals OUT!

That's why for 40 years Absorbine Jr. has been the favorite of coaches, athletes and trainers. If you haven't a bottle on your bathroom shelf, go to your druggist for one. Keep it handy for sore, aching muscles, bruises, strains and sprains, and all other muscular ailments. It's also a wonderful antiseptic for cuts and burns. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, sleeplessness, "Athlete's Foot."

(Continued from page 39)

and upkeep of roads. The plan was well conceived and eminently fair. The old method was to charge roads to the abutting property owners, and in the days of the horse, when roads were not very expensive and were used mainly for local traffic, the method worked out.

But the cost of the hard roads needed by motorists was quite beyond the resources of the communities, and there was no reason why they should pay for these roads because a large part of the traffic on them was not local. There was and could be no objection to a road tax levied on gasoline, and other States quickly adopted the plan. We owe the roads of the country largely to the gasoline tax.

But the method proved too painless. By January 1st, 1933, only three States—Connecticut, Missouri and Rhode Island—and the District of Columbia were content with so little as two cents a gallon tax rate. Twelve States had a three-cent rate, seventeen States had a four-cent rate, eight States had a five-cent rate, six States had a six-cent rate, while Florida and Tennessee went to seven cents.

In addition to these State taxes, the Federal Government and various municipalities got aboard and in 1932, an average of 29 cents out of every dollar spent for gasoline went for taxes. In 1932 motorists paid approximately half a billion dollars in taxes on the gasoline they bought. In 1933, it is estimated, they paid about two hundred millions more than that.

This money no longer goes solely for roads. It is being raised for general expenses, and most particularly it is being raised to finance the recovery program, both by the Federal Government and by the States. Under the Industrial Recovery Act, four hundred million dollars is allotted to be spent on roads, and this is to be paid for by a half-cent additional Federal tax on gasoline through a period of fifteen years. That seems reasonable. But on the basis of the 1932 gasoline consumption it works out that motorists will pay more than a billion dollars for four hundred million dollars' worth of roads!

On the 1932 basis of consumption, the allocation of this road fund works out most inequitably. Using round figures, Arizona will pay four millions in taxes for five millions spent on the roads. Idaho will pay three and a half millions for four and a half millions of roads. Montana will pay four millions for seven and a half millions of roads. Nevada will pay less than a million and a half for more than four and a half millions of roads.

New York, on the other hand, will pay more than a hundred millions for twenty-two millions of roads. Massachusetts will pay forty-one millions for six and a half millions of roads. Illinois will pay nearly seventy-two millions for seventeen and a half millions. California will pay ninety millions for fifteen and a half millions. Louisiana will pay nearly twelve and a half millions for less than six millions. Michigan will pay fifty-one millions for twelve millions. New Jersey will pay forty-one millions for six millions. Pennsylvania will pay nearly seventy-six millions for less than nineteen millions. Texas will pay fifty millions for twenty-four millions. And so on.

UNDER the Recovery Act, which levies many additional taxes on the purchase of new cars and equipment, there is not much connection between what the motorist pays and what he receives. The same principle is being carried through many of the States, and a substantial portion of the gasoline taxes are nearly everywhere being diverted to general expenses or to the emergency expenses of unemployment.

There is no question but that in many

sections much more expensive roads are being built than the motor traffic requires. There is also no question but that it is the duty of every citizen to help relieve unemployment. But if the taxes upon motor vehicles, in order to provide unemployment relief, have reached the point where they cut down the purchase and use of motor cars, then these taxes are defeating their own purpose and are promoting unemployment instead of relieving it. That appears to be the case.

The old theory was that the passenger car was a luxury, and there are still some talkers who will tell you that the country would be better off if the people did not spend so much time and money gadding about in automobiles. One has only to look around to know that such stuff is plain nonsense, but it will surprise many to learn that only about 15% of the gasoline consumed is for purely pleasure or recreation purposes.

In 1933 the average factory price of the new cars sold was only \$630 and of trucks it was only \$645. More cars are sold to buyers with incomes of less than \$1,400 a year than are sold to buyers with incomes above \$7,000 a year. The gasoline taxes are not levied upon the big oil companies—which many would have us believe. One has only to glance at the price signs on any filling station to know better than that.

The bulk of the gasoline taxes are paid by men and women driving cars that have a value of not over \$200. That is one of the reasons why fewer cars are on the road each year—the owners simply cannot afford to run them. In many cases, they cannot afford even to license them. One need not speculate on that point. The State of Georgia furnishes a perfect example.

Georgia had registration fees ranging from \$11.25 to \$25.00 per car, and at the end of 1929 there were 358,905 vehicles registered. With the rising license fees and the depressed state of business, the number of registrations by December 31st, 1932, had dropped to 287,716. The Governor asked the Legislature to cut the registration fees, but the legislators, in their wisdom, refused. Then the Governor acted on his own and put into effect a flat fee of \$3.00 per vehicle.

The result was that by July 31st, 1933, there were 311,424 vehicles registered in Georgia. The business created by the automobiles, which under the old fees would have stayed in their garages or have been abandoned, meant many times as much to the State of Georgia in the way of general prosperity as would any larger tax sum collected on a smaller number of vehicles.

THE average owner of a motor car cannot in these times afford \$25.00 a year in taxes. But, as has been shown, the average owner is forced to pay some \$20.00 more than that. And there seems to be no limit to the amount which the Federal and State governments are willing to load on the motor car owner in the belief that somehow he will find the money.

If all the money collected from motorists were applied to road building and upkeep, the expenditure would still be more than they could bear—although the additional radius that good roads give to earning power might help the situation, at least for a time. But the diversion of automobile taxes to ordinary expenses—no matter how apparently worthy those expenses are—is resulting in road neglect, and hence the inducement to keep the car going in spite of the cost is each year becoming less and less.

In Florida the levies on a new car costing around five hundred dollars are, in the first year alone, equivalent to a tax on an income of about three thousand dollars. Throughout the country, sixty-two per cent

of all the cars are bought by persons with incomes of less than three thousand dollars. So now, with every effort being made to revive business by building up purchasing power, the man who wants to buy a new low-priced automobile is staggered by the tax cost of buying one, as well as by the tax cost of running one.

Of course we might all go back to the horse. And a very few are so foolish as already to talk of the benefits that would accrue to agriculture through a more general use of horses. But how very slight would be those benefits! The farmer's markets lost through the unemployment of automobile workers would amount to a hundred times the new markets opened for horse feed.

That, however, is only one very small consideration. Some forty-five thousand communities entirely depend upon the motor vehicle for their communication with the outside world. Directly and indirectly, the motor industry normally employs nearly four million people and is second in importance only to the food industry. Everyone knows how important the motor industry is and also everyone knows that the use of the automobile is more important than its manufacture. The country could not go on without the automobile.

There is no danger that, because of high taxes, the automobile will drop out of the life of the country. The danger is that taxes will make automobiles too expensive for a majority of their present users. This would be a catastrophe, the effects of which it is now impossible to estimate, and it would be no less a catastrophe because it would come slowly. We would not, until it was all over, realize why general business did not pick up or why standards of living continued to slump or why the stores and the towns depending on customers coming in their automobiles continued to drop off.

If this country by taxation limits the use of the passenger automobile to those in the higher income classes and limits the truck to the large concerns or the organized carriers, the clock will have to be turned back. And turning back the clock is more devastating than the greatest war.

WHAT can we do about it? Only two things can be done. The first is to cut taxes and the second is to cut expenses.

Cutting taxes does not, as would seem on the face of things, necessarily mean a cut in the revenue from taxation. As I illustrated in the case of real estate, taxes do not, if pushed beyond a point, result in more revenue. On the contrary, they result in less, for they are not paid and there is no way to collect them. Taking over the property is not a method of collecting taxes but merely a way of involving the Government in further liabilities. The gasoline tax has now reached the point where it is not nearly as productive of money as it would be if it were lower. Evading the gasoline tax is now a large and established business. A proportion of filling station proprietors do not turn over the taxes they collect, and the bootlegging of gasoline is a big business.

A general reduction of license fees, gasoline and all other special taxes would not give a vast stimulus to business in general but would generate probably as great and possibly a greater total tax revenue than do the present excessive taxes—and that without unduly burdening any motorist. Today, to repeat, motor taxes are slowly but surely destroying their tax source.

The mere shifting of taxes from one industry to another, while often advisable in the interests of the general welfare, is of no great moment if the total taxation continues at a high rate. A man whose income has been cut in halves cannot for long continue to live on his old scale. A country which

(Continued on page 42)



Not a drop is sold
'till it's seven
years old !



Seven years is the *minimum* age of John Jameson—not the average age. It's the patient ageing which gives its mellow, golden flavour. That and the fact it is pure, pot still whiskey—unblended and unrectified. The pot still method is the most expensive, but it is traditional. We used it a hundred and fifty years ago, and we use it now. The John Jameson you buy to-day is exactly the same as you bought before the War. But you must get the RIGHT Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON
Pure Old Pot Still
IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET. DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND

Established A.D. 1780

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING



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**QUALITY
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Address.....

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(Continued from page 41)

has forty-five billions of income cannot have the same conveniences of government as it had when its income was ninety billions. Our trouble today is that we are trying to do as a government what we know perfectly well we cannot do as individuals.

During our flush years we took on a vast number of new government activities. Every one of them was worthy. Every one of them is today worthy—or at any rate those sponsoring any new government activity can make a very good argument for it. We should all like to see nearly all the useful activities of government carried forward. We should all like to see government well staffed and well paid. But many a good citizen has, during these past several years, been forced to move into quarters and to adopt a scale of living far below what he knows he ought to have. What many of us have had to do as citizens, we shall have to do collectively as a government.

The units of government, generally speaking, are now in the position of the man

who tries to maintain his manner of living in spite of his reduced income. Such a man can continue spending in the old fashion as long as his credit holds out. This may be six months or a year, but then he is brought face to face with reality.

That is where we now are in government. There is no way of getting back to the luxuries of government which we all want to have unless we temporarily cut down the expense of government to such a figure that taxes can likewise be cut to where they will not be a barrier to men earning a decent living.

The farce of pretending to collect taxes from those who cannot pay taxes, the farce of continuing to employ public servants without being able to pay them their stipulated wages or salaries, might well be halted right now.

Since we cannot keep the kind of government house we used to have and still want, why not take the kind of house we can afford? Why not start up the hill instead of pretending that there is no hill?

Prize Winners in the National Bridge Tournament

(Continued from page 19)

Estherville, Iowa, with 15 pars. Their closest competitors, whom they beat by the very slightest of margins, were R. Lenton and Yale LaMoure of Jamestown, North Dakota, and F. Emerick and F. G. Bauer of Elyria, Ohio.

The award of the fifty-dollar Charity Fund Prize, to go to the Lodge having the largest percentage of tables in the Tournament as based on membership, was won by Mena, Arkansas. Mena Lodge has only 53 members, but they had 13 tables in the Tournament. Even then they apologized for the poor showing they made.

The Charity Fund Prize of fifty dollars, to go to the Lodge having the largest percentage of contract tables, was won by Robinson, Illinois, Lodge, which, with a membership of 160, had 30 tables of contract players. The third prize of a like amount, for the Lodge having the largest percentage of auction tables in the Tournament, was won by Clinton, Mass., Lodge, which, with a membership of 219, had 16 tables of auction.

Newton, N. J., Lodge, with a membership of only 420, had out of its 36 tables, the largest section of auction players—27 tables. Muskegon, Michigan, Lodge, with 986 members, had the largest number of contract tables, with a total of 40. To far-off but enthusiastic Juneau, Alaska, Lodge went the honor of having the highest number of tables in the Tournament, with a total of 43.

The State which made the best showing on a percentage basis was North Dakota, with nine out of their ten Lodges entering, and with a total of 133 tables in the Tournament.

A letter from Chadron, Nebraska, Lodge stated that if there had been a prize for drawing players from the greatest distances, they felt sure they would win it, as they had three players who were making special trips of 440, 193 and 137 miles to participate in the Tournament there.

In order to make deliveries of cards and instructions to far-away points such as the Canal Zone, Hawaii and Alaska, the air mail was used in addition to the steamers. All efforts would have gone for naught in one case, however, and a room full of players would have been disappointed, had it not been for a real live Chairman who was very much on the job. This was the shipment to Hilo, Hawaii, which was forwarded

on the basis of Honolulu delivery, not knowing that two more days are required by inter-island steamer to get mail from Honolulu to Hilo in the regular course of events.

Under this schedule the shipment to Hilo would not have arrived until Saturday, which was one day too late. The Chairman, however, H. H. Padgett, through his local post office, had the mail delivered to his sister in Honolulu, who in turn took it to Hilo by aeroplane, arriving with it on Friday and thereby making it possible for Hilo Lodge to hold its Tournament on schedule time.

YOU were asked in the January issue to give your version of the correct bidding and play of the following hands; contract bridge; North and South vulnerable; South dealer:

		♠ A-6-3	
		♥ Q-J-10	
		♦ 10-7-6-3-2	
		♣ 6-2	
♠ K-Q-9	W	N	♠ 7-4-2
♥ 9-6-3			♥ 8-7-5-4-2
♦ 9-5-4		E	♦ K-8
♣ A-9-8-5		S	♣ Q-J-10
		♠ J-10-8-5	
		♥ A-K	
		♦ A-Q-J	
		♣ K-7-4-3	

East and West would not enter the bidding under any system. The Official System, using the 4-3-2-1 count, would open in the South with Two no-Trump (a total count of 17 with all four suits stopped being the minimum for this bid) and North would raise the bid to Three, as an Ace with any count is sufficient strength.

The Approach-Forcing System (Culbertson) would start with One no-Trump and North would make a bid of Two Diamonds. The Diamond suit is very shaded, but there is a one-and-one-half honor count in the hand which, after a no-Trump opening, should be shown. South would then carry the bid right up to Three no-Trump. In the One-Over-One System the bid would be: South One no-Trump, North Two no-Trump (saying "here is something more than one primary trick") and South would close with Three no-Trump.

In the play of the hand the logical opening on East's part would be the Five of

Clubs. The hand should be extremely easy to play if the declarer plans his campaign carefully from the very first card.

His reasoning should run something like this: "West must have led from a four-card suit, as I am looking at all of the cards lower than the five spot, so, if my opponents should only make three Clubs, I can very likely go game by making four Diamonds, three Hearts, one Spade and one Club. To do this I must not block the dummy's Diamond suit. Therefore, I will lead the Ace and King of Hearts, then the Ace of Diamonds—following with the Queen of Diamonds—and if the King does not fall I will lead the Jack. My opponents will then cash their three good Clubs which, with the Diamond, will make four tricks. I will get into the dummy with the Ace of Spades, and lead the Queen of Hearts on which I will discard my Jack of Diamonds, thus allowing me to make the set-up Diamond which will be bid and game."

FOLLOWING is the January double-dummy problem on play:

♠ 9		♠ None
♥ K-3		♥ J-9
♦ Q-7-6-3	W	♦ 10-5-4
♣ 7		♣ 10-8-6
	N	
	S	
	J	
	Q-4	
	A-J-9-2	
	9	

Spades are trump. South has the lead and can take all the tricks against any defense. The solution is as follows:

South leads the Queen of Hearts which West covers and North trumps. North returns the King of Diamonds which South takes with the Ace. South leads the Jack of Diamonds which West covers with the Queen and North trumps. North leads a trump and South takes it with the Jack, watching the East hand discard. If East discards a heart, South's four-spot is high. If he discards a Diamond the Nine of Diamonds in the South hand is high, and if he discards a Club all the Clubs in the North hand will be set up, so South's next lead depends on East's discard.

Again East is on the spot, with a choice between two discards—either of which will give North and South the remaining tricks. If it happens that West refuses to go up at either the first or third trick the play is simplified, as North, of course, will not trump.

A Specter's Secret

(Continued from page 7)

"Would you like to be back here?"

"No."

The next question came as a result of a camera-eye observation made that afternoon.

"During your earthly life did you have a habit of chewing tobacco?"

"Yes."

Remaining outwardly calm, I now crackled efficiently, "Then perhaps you are my Uncle George?"

"Yes."

As my Uncle George was at that time president of the Anti-Tobacco Society of Sun Prairie and still in excellent health, I felt sure of my next move.

"All right, Uncle George," I accentuated quietly. "I am glad to have talked with you but as it is now after midnight and as I have had a hard day I am going to try to

(Continued on page 44)

Success

while you are young enough to enjoy it

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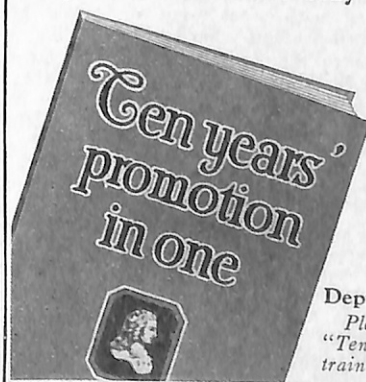
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hard work and learning through day-to-day experience will eventually win you some measure of success. If success is sweet, however, is it not doubly sweet if it comes to you while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

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(Continued from page 43)
get to sleep again. Goodnight, Uncle George. If you would like to say good-night, kindly knock three times."

The suggested response followed; and, after a little intensive use of the camera eye and a rearrangement of furniture in the living room, I had no hesitation in falling asleep myself. I had discovered a new clue and I knew what I would do the next morning. Everything was now perfectly clear since it was a case of viz. a trained mind vs. a low grade intelligence.

(How does Jake propose to deal with the ghost? Can a modern detective pit himself successfully against the shadow world? Answers to these questions will be suggested to you in the following chapter.)

CHAPTER V

AN EXCITING DAY

June 10, 3:58 p. m.

AFTER a good sleep and breakfast I resumed conduct of the case. The camera eye proved I had been quite correct in my mid-night observation. I now drove over to Grainger where I made necessary purchases at a combination sporting goods and hardware store, and, with my packages, retired to the back seat of my automobile. There I worked steadily on into the afternoon.

When the job was finished I patched up one of the tires, which was troubled with a slow puncture, and began the rounds of Grainger's drug stores. At each place I asked for a Chinese Delight sundae with whipped cream and chop suey, and when they did not serve this delicacy I walked out on them. I was on my seventh Chinese Delight when I got the clue I was after.

"Yes," the soda clerk accentuated quietly, "I know Gerania. Ever since her father got drowned last year she's been living with her step-uncle, Eli Stanklehorst, on Elmo Street, right around the corner. And is old Stank a mean cookie! It seems like he's always afraid Gerania will get to talk to somebody. Monday a friend of mine tried to call on Gerania and Stank threw him down the front steps so hard he's had to take treatments ever since. There's Stank now, on his way home with a fresh plug of eating tobacco."

I looked through the doorway to see a party whose appearance was enough to send shudders down the strongest spine. Mr. Stanklehorst, Gerania's step-uncle, was well over seventy-two inches in height, with feet that must have needed number twelve shoes at least. There was a hard expression about his upper face, but this was nothing compared with what went on below his nose. His mouth looked more like a straightedge than anything else; the lower edge of his chin stuck out as though there was a horse-shoe inside; and the bulge on his cheek suggested where the rest of the horse was.

Up to this moment I had intended to call on Gerania, but I now saw I would not have the necessary spare time.

"Here's one of Stank's souvenirs," the clerk rapped briefly as he fumbled in his vest pocket. "I bought it off him. The old boy's strong as a bull and first he bends it between his front teeth till he's got it at right angles, then he mashes it flat behind his hind teeth. Lookit."

He offered for my inspection a silver dime doubled over, a duplicate of the one I had found behind the bushes at Villa Nox.

Everything was now perfectly clear, and if my grandmother had not destroyed Chief Donahay's gratis outfit, consisting of one pair of handcuffs, modern style, a revolver and a night stick, I would have made the arrest at once.

Since this was impossible I took out my little diary book and jotted down the following notes:

"For criminal reasons, best known to himself, Mr. Stanklehorst is pretending to be a ghost at Villa Nox. Will he make his appearance tonight? If so, will my audacious experiment succeed?" (To what audacious experiment does Jake refer? What does he hope to accomplish? The matter will be fully explained to you in the following chapter.)

CHAPTER VI

A PERILOUS PROJECT

June 10, 8:12 p. m.

HAVING lazed along to Villa Nox, so as to allow Mr. Stanklehorst to get there first, I took a long walk and then, in the late twilight, attached the apparatus I had made to the ceiling of the living room. The string, releasing the catch, ran through staples to the bedroom where it was tied to a nail driven into the doorsill.

At eight o'clock I finished the last of my supper. Hoping that Mr. Stanklehorst was on the job, I walked over to the telephone and gave the operator the first number that popped into my mind.

"Hello, chief," I rapped briefly, the same as though speaking to police headquarters.

"Who is it?" was the response in a refined lady's voice. "I don't understand."

"Your old pal, chief," I accentuated quietly. "The detective at Villa Nox. I think I have got a clue and I'm coming right over to ask your advice." While the lady was saying that I must have the wrong number, I hung up the receiver and, whistling a merry air, walked to the front door, opened it, and then slammed it from the inside. Next I took off my shoes and tiptoed back into the bedroom, ready to act.

The first thing that happened was a scrapping noise from below. Then, little by little, a trap-door opened. It had been cleverly made and so well concealed in the living room floor that I had discovered it the night previous only after an extensive use of the camera eye.

Slowly a white figure emerged and advanced toward the center of the room.

My arm was raised and I was all ready to yank the string and release the apparatus when a sudden discovery chilled my blood and left me trembling in every limb.

(What was this discovery? What will Jake do now? The answers to these poignant questions will be given you in the following chapter.)

CHAPTER VII

A THIRD DEGREE

June 10, 8:19 p.m.

THE reason why I trembled in every limb was because of the identity of the alleged specter. It was not Mr. Stanklehorst. It was none other than Gerania Greenwood herself.

As I turned my flashlight on her she screamed and then stood perfectly still.

"Gerania," I queried crisply, as soon as I had control of my voice, "I would like to ask you a question. Do you chew tobacco?"

This remark seemed to pull her together because in a loud, indignant voice, she answered, "No."

This took a great load off my mind because by giving the premises the camera eye I had detected considerable evidence of this vice.

Though I had an almost overwhelming desire to take Gerania in my arms and comfort her, I remembered that I was a Chief Donahay graduate and working at the detective profession. It was only when I recollected that, in many cases, the only way to get a confession is by the use of kindness and apparent interest in the prisoner,

that I walked over and put my arms around her.

A moment's silence filled the room. Then I rapped briefly. "Gerania, please explain everything because even though I am a trained detective I am your friend and I would like to know what you are doing here and why."

"Oh, Jake," she said, beginning to sob against my coat, "I can't tell you—I can't. It's not my secret. But no harm is meant to anyone; and if you just won't say anything about it—" and she began to cry again.

"Gerania," I accentuated quietly, after having spent some minutes in trying to comfort her, during which time I practically forgot I was on detective service, "Gerania, this puts me in a difficult position because it is a case of viz. love vs. duty. On the one hand, in justice to Chief Donahay, who gave me my diploma, and to Mr. Ben Reynolds—"

At this moment the noise of an automobile was heard outside.

"Oh, Jake," she whispered, "I know that machine. I mustn't be found here. If he comes in, don't tell him. Promise me you won't, Jake."

Sobbing hysterically, she allowed me to boost her through the window. She had just landed outside when a thundering knock came at the door.

(Who is the mysterious party outside? What is his object in coming to Villa Nox? The following chapter will place before you the thrilling crisis of this dramatic story.)

CHAPTER VIII

A MASTER MIND

June 10, 9:16 p. m.

BEFORE touching the knob I suspicioned who the party was. I did this by means of deduction and a camera eye applied to the keyhole. As usual I was right.

"Good evening," I accentuated quietly as I opened the door.

"I heard you were here looking for that ghost," said Mr. Stanklehorst, for it was none other, in a low whisper. "So I thought I would come down and help you out. I believe in discouraging ghosts, whenever and wherever found."

"How," I queried crisply in the same tone of voice, "do you discourage them?"

"It is done," whispered Mr. Stanklehorst, at the same time shifting his tobacco, "by the use of this little scientific instrument." With these words he smiled in what he no doubt considered a kindly manner, and, at the same time, forced a metal object into my right hand. On giving this object the camera eye, I discovered I was holding a forty-five revolver.

"I should think," I rapped briefly, in order to draw him out, "that you would have to be careful in the use of this instrument, because if the ghost should turn out to be a live party masquerading under false pretenses, you might get into trouble."

"That," he agreed, "is why I always have the weapon used by someone in authority. In this case I mean you. It is your duty to keep trespassers out of Villa Nox, and if there should be a little accident, no court in this broad land could act otherwise than to give you a vote of thanks. If the intruder happens to be a real ghost, it does not matter whether he is treated rough or not, because specters have no legal standing in the U. S. Read the Constitution for yourself. This is an up-to-date country—it isn't China."

It was this last word which, like a flash of lightning made everything clear. And the deduction was confirmed by a glance at Mr. Stanklehorst's square-toed shoes.

Much as I disliked the conclusion everything pointed the same way. In the first

place, there was the elaborate Chinese costume in which Gerania had attended our H. S. Commencement Masquerade Ball. Next was the fact that the only refreshment she seemed to care for was Chinese Delight sundaes, with whipped cream and chop suey. And lastly, there was her mysterious visit that morning to the Chinese laundry in Grainger and her frank admission that she was crazy about China and the natives of same.

A moment's silence filled the room. Then I spoke.

"Mr. Stanklehorst," I crackled efficiently, "as a trained detective, I have already found out your true name and profession and I know why you are here. You are an operative yourself."

"Yes," he rapped briefly, "and as long as you have found it out I may say I am working for Uncle Sam, and if you have any doubt you can ask the Secretary of Agriculture for my credentials. In writing, be sure to enclose twelve cents for Booklet 867-C, which gives full instructions for detective work of all kinds."

"You are not here," I continued, "because of any supposed ghost; but because this is the headquarters of a ring engaged in smuggling Chinamen into the U. S."

A look of astonishment and admiration appeared on his face. "You have found out everything. How did you do it?"

I did not stop to explain my methods.

"The ring includes a local girl."

"Right again," he whispered. "But the party we are after is the chief of the smuggling gang, a desperate character, whose record is long enough to hang him from the top of the Washington Monument. Personally, I have enough daring captures to my credit; and as you are a young man with your reputation still to make I am going to let you keep the revolver and get this bird yourself. Shoot first and ask questions afterwards. Your name will be in every newspaper from Maine to California; and you will be invited to the White House for a week-end."

Remaining outwardly calm, I reviewed the situation in my head. If I grabbed the chief of the smuggling gang there was no doubt that Gerania's capture would follow in a few hours. In that case she would probably be sent to prison and thus be dragged down and down into the dregs, which would do nobody any good. On the other hand, if I had a chance to marry Gerania and reform her I could easily keep her from smuggling any more Chinese into the U. S. and also she would make me happy for life. Thus it occurred to me that it was not so much a case of viz. love vs. duty, as of viz. duty vs. higher duty.

In two seconds my mind was made up. "Mr. Stanklehorst," I whispered, "come in on your tip toes. I want to show you something."

He did as requested, allowing me to place him in the middle of the floor of the living room.

"Stay there," I accentuated quietly, "until I give you the signal."

With these words I walked quietly into the bedroom and pulled the string attached to my apparatus.

(What will be the result of Jake's maneuver? What is about to happen to Mr. Stanklehorst? In the concluding chapter the story rises to a breath-taking climax.)

CHAPTER IX

AN ASTOUNDING SURPRISE

June 10, 9:24 p. m.

I NEVER saw anybody so mad as Mr. Stanklehorst when my rebuilt tennis net draped down around him. It had been cut, tied, and sewed together so as to make it square-shaped. Heavy iron weights around

(Continued on page 46)

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FREE CATALOG

(Continued from page 47)

his wife, Mr. Meier was driven to Dayton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 58, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon at which seventy-five members of the Lodge were in attendance. District Deputy McFarland and Past District Deputy Barry S. Murphy were also present.

Mr. Meier addressed the meeting and then, upon adjournment of the luncheon guests, held a conference with the officers, Trustees, Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, the District Deputy and others, concerning situations as they exist in Dayton Lodge. Mr. Meier felt that much had been accomplished through this conference. At its conclusion Mr. Meier proceeded to Marion, Ohio, accompanied by the same party which had been with him on the trip from Cincinnati to Dayton.

In Marion the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a dinner, given by Marion Lodge, No. 32, held at the Hotel Marion, with about seventy-five members present, including the following distinguished guests: Secretary Richardson; District Deputies C. F. Unckrich and Charles J. Schmidt; Past State Presidents Norman C. Parr, Charles W. Fairbanks and Ernst Von Bargen; State Trustee Charles W. Casselman; and Past District Deputies T. A. O'Leary and F. A. Stengel. This dinner was followed by a highly successful and impressive Lodge meeting at which Mr. Meier delivered the main address of the evening.

When Mr. Meier first arrived in Marion, he was taken to see the beautiful Harding Memorial, where the Grand Exalted Ruler paid silent tribute to the memory of the late President Warren G. Harding, who was one of the first initiates of Marion Lodge.

THE next official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler was to Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13. Mr. Meier was conducted to the Antlers Hotel and at one o'clock he was the guest of honor at the District Deputies' Fourteenth Annual Conference for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana Subordinate Lodges. A luncheon was held in the Tally-Ho Room. In addition to officers and members of Indiana Lodges, and all of the District Deputies of Indiana, the following distinguished Elks were present at this important affair:

Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred A. Wiecking, present member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia; and Past District Deputy Alvin Padgett, all Past Presidents of the Indiana State Elks Association; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hubert S. Riley; State President Joseph L. Clarke; First Vice-President C. J. Joel; Second Vice-President O. Ray Miner; Fourth Vice-President Milo B. Mitchell; State Secretary W. C. Groehl; State Trustees Clifford M. Savage, E. J. Greenwald, Frank Flanigan and Elmore D. Sturgis; and Past District Deputies Raymond F. Thomas, S. W. Snively, Walter A. Beckerle, Edwin Lowenthal, James J. Patchell, Victor Bournique and Harry K. Kramer. It was also interesting to note the presence of George W. June, Past Grand Tiler and one of the founders and charter members and a life member of Indianapolis Lodge.

Following luncheon Mr. Meier was introduced by President Clarke. He delivered an address that was received with the greatest appreciation by the assembled guests. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was introduced and spoke, as did Bede Armstrong, Chairman of the Elks National Bridge Tournament; President Clarke, Vice-President Joel and Exalted Ruler A. L. McKee, of Anderson Lodge, No. 209.

On the following morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, Mr. Scott, President Clarke,

Secretary Groehl and Past Exalted Ruler V. M. Armstrong of Indianapolis Lodge and present State Commander of the American Legion, called upon Edward Hays, National Commander of the Legion. Following the call upon Mr. Hays, Mr. Meier called upon Governor Paul V. McNutt, who is a member of Bloomington, Ind., Lodge, No. 446.

After the making of these two calls the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken in charge by a delegation of Elks from Brazil, Ind., Lodge, No. 762, and escorted to the Lodge Home for a meeting held during the luncheon hour. Accompanying Mr. Meier were Grand Secretary Masters, President Clarke, Secretary Groehl, Past Grand Trustee Scott and District Deputy James H. Waits. Present at the meeting at Brazil Lodge were Past President William E. Hendrich, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and many others in addition to

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Tentative Itinerary for February

During the first week in February Mr. Meier will visit a large number of Lodges in Kentucky, Tennessee and South Carolina. At the time of going to press it was too early for a detailed listing of his day-to-day visitations.

From February 7 to 15 he plans to call on Lodges in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware. The Grand Exalted Ruler plans to be in New York City on February 16th. During the balance of the month he probably will visit Lodges throughout New York, New England and Pennsylvania.

the members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's official party. There were ten Past Exalted Rulers present and six Lodges were represented.

Upon leaving Brazil, Mr. Meier was taken in charge by a delegation from Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86, and after driving about to see various points of interest in the neighborhood, was taken to the Lodge for a dinner given there. Among those present upon this occasion, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, were Past President Hendrich; Past District Deputies Sheldon W. Snively and Raymond F. Thomas; W. B. Sanders, who has been Tiler of Terre Haute Lodge for thirty-eight years; A. C. Duddleston, the first Exalted Ruler of Terre Haute Lodge, and a large number of Past Exalted Rulers of the host Lodge and members and officers of Lodges in the district.

Following the dinner, the Lodge was regularly opened and, after initiation ceremonies had been exemplified for a class of candidates, the Grand Exalted Ruler was called upon to deliver the principal address of the evening. It was so arranged that Mr. Meier's address was broadcast over Station WBOW.

The next morning, October 31, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his official party, now augmented by Past District Deputy Edwin Lowenthal, traveled to Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, for a meeting which was held in the middle of the morning. About fifty members of the Lodge had assembled, among them being Lee F. Bays, Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association. Past District Deputies Arthur A. Clark and George S. Green were also in the party, and accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler to Vincennes, his next stopping place.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's party, by now very large, arrived at Vincennes Lodge, No. 291, for a luncheon engagement. Also present at this meeting were Past Grand

Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal, Past President E. J. Julian, District Deputy James P. Adkins, and Past District Deputies John C. Heidenreich, C. A. Shubart, Frank T. Himler, Arthur A. Clark, and George S. Green. The luncheon party was held at the Y. M. C. A. Later the Grand Exalted Ruler's party and the other guests inspected the Home of the Lodge.

After this inspection the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled to Princeton, Ind., Lodge, No. 634, where all the officers and a great many members of the Lodge had assembled to meet him. Here, again, Mr. Meier was pleased to deliver an address to the members who had gathered to pay him their respects.

The next visit was to Evansville, Ind., Lodge, No. 116, where a large dinner in honor of Mr. Meier was given in the Lodge Home. Present at this affair were a great many Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and other officers of Evansville and neighboring Lodges, Grand Secretary Masters, and the other members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's party; Past Exalted Ruler F. Harold Van Orman, former Lieutenant Governor of Indiana; Hon. J. W. Spencer, Judge of the Circuit Court; the Hon. Frank Griesse, Mayor of Evansville, Ind., and many other prominent Elks, including President Clarke and Past District Deputy W. E. Criswell.

Following the dinner, Lodge was convened and Mr. Meier addressed the large gathering. Later that evening Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party at his own home.

ON the succeeding day, November 1, a visit was paid to Mount Carmel, Ill., Lodge, No. 715. Upon the grounds of the Lodge Home, the high school band was waiting to serenade Mr. Meier.

Afterwards a sizable number of the Lodge members assembled in the Lodge room, where Mr. Meier spoke again. Among the group of Lodge officers and other locally prominent men was W. W. Arnold, Congressman from Illinois and a Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association.

Mr. Meier proceeded, after the adjournment of his pleasant visit with Mount Carmel Lodge, to Lawrenceville, Ill., where he called at the Home of Lawrenceville Lodge, No. 1208. Mr. Meier spoke briefly to the assembled Elks before hurrying on to visit Robinson, Ill., Lodge, No. 1188.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was warmly welcomed at Robinson. During the noon hour he delivered an address to the Rotary Club. Following the luncheon period, Mr. Meier was conducted to the Home of Robinson Lodge, where he spoke to about one hundred ladies from families of members.

At 6:15 the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a fish dinner in the Home of the Lodge, there being present at this affair about 250 members of the Order, representing every Lodge in the district of Illinois Southeast. Among those in attendance were District Deputy Judge F. B. Leonard; Past State Presidents Dr. J. C. Dallenbach and W. W. Arnold; Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Illinois Crippled Children's Commission; and Past District Deputies Joseph B. Crowley, E. Perry Huston, W. T. Buchanan and Charles E. Conner. Mr. Meier addressed the meeting and Secretary White made a short talk on behalf of the work of the Crippled Children's Commission. This was the first official visit ever paid to Robinson Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order.

From here, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier traveled further into the State of Illinois in pursuit of his official visits to the Lodges of the Order in the Middle West. A report of these and subsequent visits will be published next month.

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